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MONTHLY

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**READERS'
PHOTO
CONTEST**

**ADVENTURE
IN DENMARK**

**CAN NATURIST
CLUBS SURVIVE?**

**WHY WITCHES
GO NAKED**

**SHOULD I GIVE
UP SMOKING?**

**THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING NATURIST MAGAZINE
NOW IN ITS 81st YEAR OF CONTINUOUS PUBLICATION**





Health and Efficiency was established in 1900 and has incorporated Sunbathing Review and Vim. The magazine is entirely free of any connection with, and is not influenced by, national associations, clubs or other organisations.

We publish news, views and reflections on the nudist scene. We look beyond the clubs to the evolving world where social nudity on the beaches and in our homes is affecting our modes, mores and morals. All are grist to the mill.

We believe in the cause of social nakedness and as such consider it our duty to promote its acceptance universally. Our propaganda both by word and picture is designed for total honesty of expression but at all times within the bounds of propriety. This magazine is entirely independent. The views expressed in literary contributions are not necessarily those of the Editor.

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EDITORIAL

WHO'S A PRETTY GIRL?

One page in our magazine is always devoted to the addresses of various naturist clubs. We make no charge for this service. Our only aim is to help would be members make contact with a club in their area. But we must point out that the list is by no means complete. And unfortunately we cannot guarantee that it is always correct. Nothing remains still. Club Secretaries change, and clubs sometimes move or even cease to exist. We have to rely on readers to let us know when these changes occur. But one thing is fairly constant — the addresses of the national organisation. This is always given at the end of the particular country listed. We recommend readers to write to their national organisation if they have any queries concerning the club situation in their own country. When we first compiled the list we did so without asking permission from each club. And while many clubs have written in asking to be added, only one asked to be removed. The reason they gave has had me puzzled for over a year now. They said our girls are too pretty!



Next Month

Alpes et Soleil

Fancy your nudism high in the alpes? Then that marvellous resort, Alpes et Soleil is for you. The views are breathtaking, the countryside spectacular, and the welcome is warm. Join Lance Ridgeway as he brings you a report in words and pictures of this popular holiday resort. And can we remind you that our current quarterly is packed full of exciting articles, pictures and especially holiday resorts. Make sure of your copies — take out a subscription. See advertisement elsewhere in this issue.



Have you ever wondered about those free beaches in Denmark? Are they really free? Can anyone go and bathe there totally in the nude? Chris Johnson recently paid Denmark a visit. As you will read he came away astonished at the beauty of the beaches and sand dunes, not to mention the friendliness of the people. In this article Chris gives you precise information about the beach he visited on the West Jutland coast.

The car was packed. In the brilliantly hot weather we were driving along with all the windows open — and we needed the air! My wife Louise and I had come to Denmark for a fortnight's caravan holiday with our three children, and had taken the opportunity of calling on Gerda, who had been our *au pair* when David, the eldest, was a baby. After lunch she suggested we go for a swim — but “No!” we protested, “we haven’t got any things”.

“Oh, that’s all right. We’ll lend you towels,” she said.

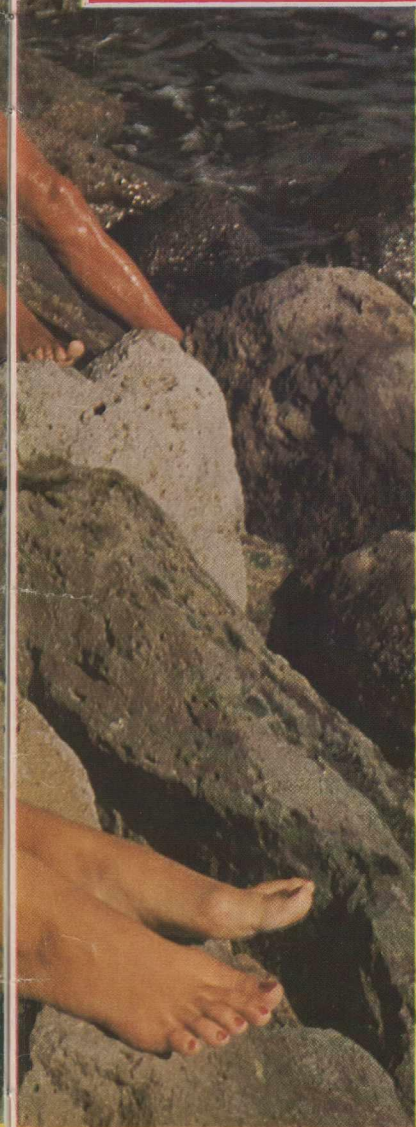
“But bathing suits ...”

“Oh them. Nobody wears

them nowadays.”

And so we sat, Louise and Gerda, our old *au pair*, in the back with Sylvie, the smaller of our two girls, between them. Gerda’s two little blonde daughters, I think they were called Lotte and Helle, were standing excitedly on the front seat beside me, and our two teenagers, David (15) and Phoebe (11), were bundled grudgingly in the back of our station-car with legs entwined and heads perilously near the ceiling. Underneath them was a pile of big towels and an old towelling bath-robe which Louise had insisted on borrowing. Nobody was going to look

ADVENTURE IN DENMARK



at *her* wandering about a beach and showing all she'd got!

Our Danish friends live in the middle of Jutland, the huge and underpopulated province sticking straight up from Northern Germany.

We whizzed along the wide, straight, almost empty road, through the town of Varde and onto a seemingly endless, level sandy heath. Along the horizon stretched a vast line of dunes. Here Gerda said we should turn right. We rolled along a finely graded gravel road between warm, scented pines. In the village of Houstrup, directly opposite a row of beautiful old thatched





— wearing the same airy costume as our hostess: nothing! She was a true blonde of the type who would “cause eyes to pop and strong men sob aloud”, to borrow a phrase from S.J. Perelman, and she strolled quite unconcernedly ahead without a single disfiguring bikini stripe on her golden body. Our son will have to look a long way to find a girl friend who can compete with *that* perfection!

Bringing up the rear, our girls Phoebe and Sylvie tripped giggling along in their underpants. Louise was swaddled in an ankle-length striped blue bath-robe, the property of Gerda's husband John. It was presumably his father's before him, too!

Down in a gigantic hollow in the dunes — it must have

been all of fifty feet deep — was at least a partial answer to where “everyone” was. On either side of a net, apparently consisting of an old ship's cargo net strung between two poles, two seething hordes of naked people were engaged in a strenuous game of volleyball. The game ebbed and flowed beneath our feet — the sun shining on dappled flank and sunburnt chest.

In such a situation no thought of sex invades the mind — just the infectious attraction of naked bodies moving fluidly in the all-enveloping concentration of the game.

As we got closer to the water we saw that everyone else was naked. As far as the eye could see in both directions, north and south of the

cottages, we turned left. A couple of minutes' drive and we were in an almost empty, free car park behind the dunes.

Gerda's two little girls, Helle and Lotte, their feathery blonde hair bobbing, led us a few hundred yards through the green dunes. Suddenly the beach was before us. Endless miles of level sand disappeared to north and south in the blue heat haze. By no means the “civilized” concrete promenade and houses we had experienced on our holidays in Bournemouth and Port Erin in the Isle of Man. Just a warm breeze blowing through the marram grass, sand under our feet, and the twinkling blue sea lapping the beach below. At the water's edge we could see a few couples walking. There were some children fighting over a large beach ball, and large numbers of bobbing heads in the water — a peaceful holiday scene. A few yards

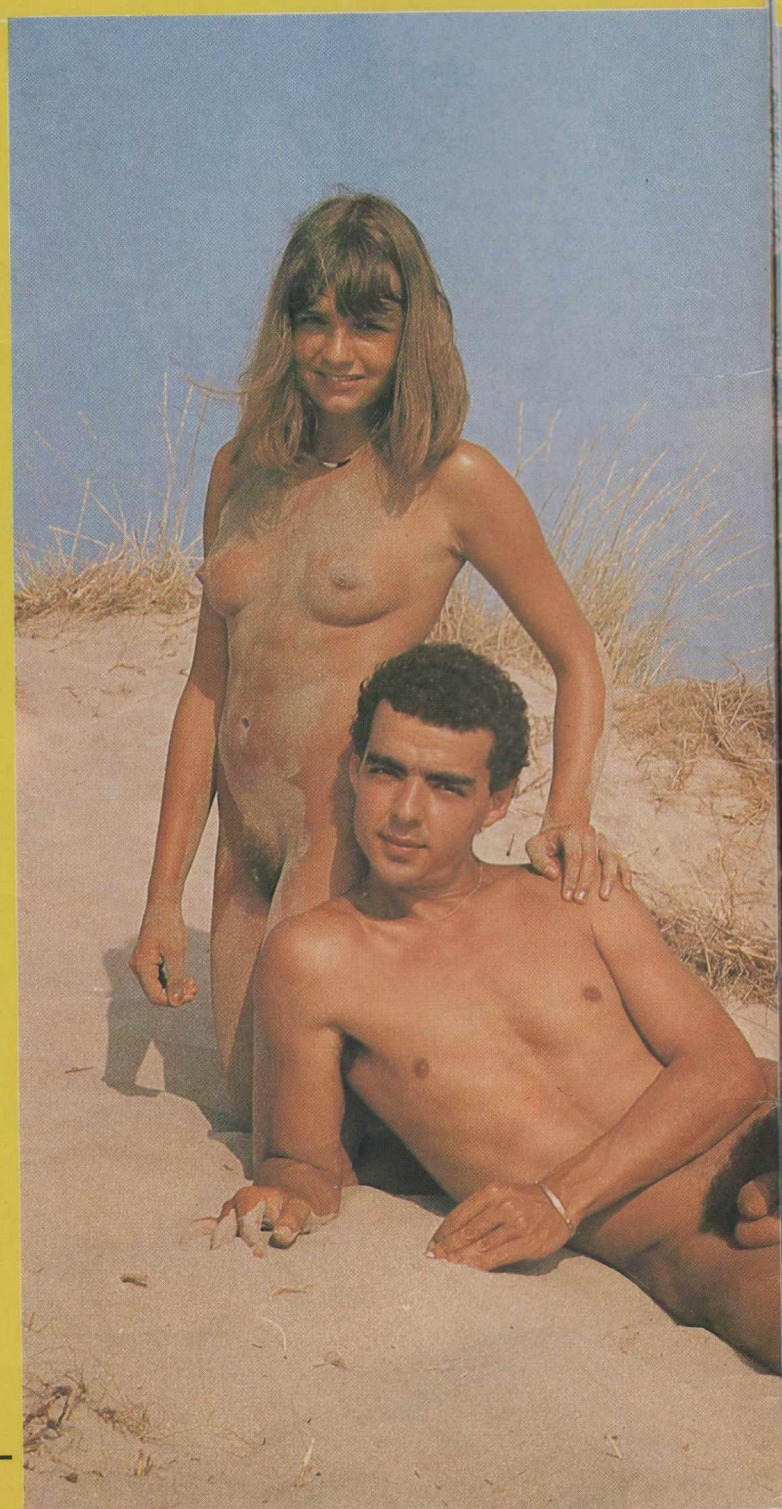
further on we saw a small metal sign in the top of the dunes saying in three languages: Fribadestrand. FKK-Strande. Nude bathing beach.

No mistake about that. We had arrived!

While we stood in an English huddle, the two tinies stripped off in a moment. Their mother smeared a little sun cream on their nut-brown shoulders, patted them on the bottom, and they shot off down the beach like greyhounds out of the trap. Louise and I were surprised to see practically no-one about. Apart from a tall bearded man standing statue-like in the shade of a makeshift fence of driftwood, we seemed to be alone.

The answer soon revealed itself.

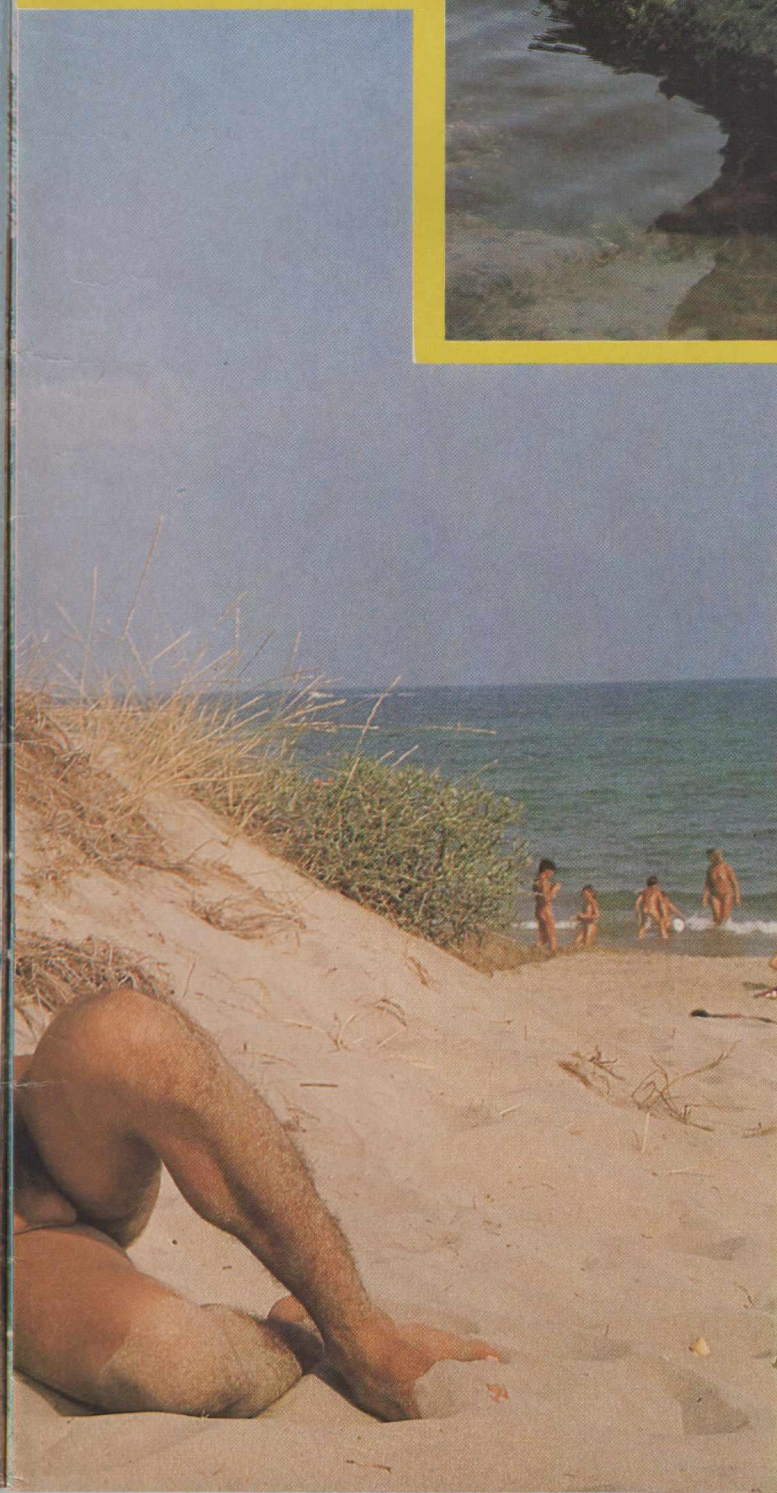
A few minutes later we were straggling down the dunes, myself and our big son David — astonished at our own boldness



rusting Free Beach sign, not a wisp of a bathing suit or a bikini.

After a heated altercation with the girls Louise got them out of their underpants. What, she demanded, would they wear on the way home if they got them wet now. After the first gasp of the water — 66° I'd say — one felt one could swim for ever in the freedom of bathing without scratchy trunks. What *had* we been missing?

Louise stood alone, hands deep in pockets, the warm wavelets occasionally lapping her ankles. Suddenly she threw off the bath-robe and hurled it onto the beach behind her. We were all in it together! "Chris, darling, this is marvellous. I just had a lot of thinking to do first," she shouted.



"You can keep the mountains and their freezing streams. Nudity demands a beach and hopefully the warm Mediterranean sea."

The children were "sailing" on a giant chunk of driftwood and pushing each other off with shrieks of glee. Happy children talk an international language. It is only we grown-ups who need to learn.

Louise and Gerda swam like teenagers along the beach, breasting the lazy current. I swam out "towards England". Further out, a line of breakers marked the off-shore shallows. Sure enough, a hundred yards from the shore the water was only a foot or so deep. Further out still one could see there must be another shallow bit — though one would be foolish to try to swim that far from land. I have since learned that there is a double line of sand bars practically all the way round Denmark's 5,000 miles of coast.

Judging by the voices, most of the families in the water round us were German. On the beach, middle-aged couples paraded solemnly along in gym shoes and "Chancellor Schmidt" yachting caps — quite a sight!

"We two are going in now, dear. Look after the children, won't you!"

Then these two superb feminine silhouettes emerged from the water and walked slowly through the sand towards the dunes. I was

delighted to see that Louise had the bath-robe over her arm!

Finally I got the children out of the water. The two Danish tinies led our three bandits whooping with laughter up to where they knew their mother would be in the dunes. To my wry amusement, our girls' pants lay forgotten in the sand under my towel!

On my way across the beach I was struck by the lack of litter. Apart from the odd washed-up light-bulb or plastic milk bottle, the beach was as clean as the Sahara.

I passed the "Hollywood Bowl" in the dunes. The Germans were still bashing the ball about as if they were getting paid for it! At "our" hide-out Gerda and my Louise were stretched out sunbathing. It crossed my mind that some of my colleagues would give £500 to be in my shoes at this moment! The children were building a house from planks and plywood which someone had collected. Seeing them playing seriously and unself-consciously gave me a completely new vision of what the words "A Free Country" meant. Do we live in one?

Gerda rooted about in her bag and produced a thermos of coffee, and a bag of biscuits for the children. Danes make

the best coffee in the world!

Towards evening we reluctantly got into our clothes. The children had been in the sea for another long swim, and we were all covered in a thin layer of sun oil and sand! Gerda directed the car from the back — the best back-seat-driver I've had! We drove slowly along the gravel roads through the State Forest, planted years ago to stop the coastal dunes shifting. We took a short detour to Blaabjerg (Blue Hill), a magnificent heather-clad dune nearly 200ft high, with a vast panorama out over the coast and the inland farming area. And there, just below, was a patch of bright green speckled with caravans and tents. Gerda told us it was a naturist camp — Lyngbopark.

But we couldn't stay *there*? We were not nudists or whatever you have to be. But Gerda assured us it would be all right. Naturist clubs in Denmark were known for being open and friendly. When we got home, she would phone them and ask, if we were interested.

And that, to cut a long story short, is how we came to move our caravan the following day from the excellent municipal camping ground in Grindsted. We had stopped there to be able to take the children to Legoland at Billund ten miles away. But now we moved out to Lyngbopark at Henne, on the West Jutland coast.

They gave us a temporary visitors' card. Gerda's husband John had told them all about us on the phone and there were



no formalities. The notices were in Danish and perfect English, though most people staying there seemed to be German. The Germans were all terribly polite and nice, though their caravans rather left our little old Eccles in the shade! Theirs seemed to be designed like the Ark Royal, with television aerials, huge fridges, and extension tents the size of our front room in Dulwich.

A Danish member of the naturist club told us all about the legal situation. Nude bathing is allowed anywhere in Denmark, but half a dozen or so beaches are officially recognised as Free Beaches under the old legislation which applied until some years ago. These are here at Houstrup; the South Beach on the island of Rømø just on the Danish

side of the German frontier about 70 miles to the south, and the rest further east in Denmark. One is at Hverringe two miles outside Kerteminde, on Fyn. There are two on Lolland; Nakskov Albuen and Bredfjed, near Rødbyhavn, and one close by on Falster, at Boto. And then there are the miles of North Zealand beaches near Tisvilde, which have been recognised since 1969.

The headquarters of the Danish Naturist Union has all the details, as has the eminently helpful Danish National Tourist Office here in London.

On the one grey day, we went on one of the most interesting excursions imaginable. We drove up to the Open Air "Museum" on Hjerl Hede, 80 miles further up the coast to the north. On an area of rolling



heathland and lakes have been reconstructed historic old houses, farms, churches and workshops which would otherwise have been reduced to rubble. These are all populated by local people in historic clothes doing their normal jobs: felling and shaping timber with steam-driven machinery, weaving wool, making boats — you name it. The children were thrilled to see a real windmill working and to have a ride on an ancient narrow gauge steam train.

We believed everyone who told us how lucky we had been with the weather. It had been chilly practically up to the day we came, they all said. It presumably started raining again after we left — we don't know. We believe, however, we were far luckier in having such

“normal” emancipated friends who took us to the beach on that hot sunny day in August and introduced us to a whole new concept of freedom and relaxation.

Denmark is an incredibly friendly country to stay in, with accommodation in every category from country farmhouse to world class hotels. The standard of hygiene on the camp sites (as in all public places) just leaves one breathless with admiration. And if prices are high — so is the quality. It certainly won't be long before we come up here again to sample the delights of the other official free beaches and the thousands of miles of legal, free, nude bathing facilities.

★ ★ ★



Get out your Text~Books!



They say that women will regret being liberated because they'll lose all the advantages they get by being female. In the naturist world, women are favoured—clubs never refuse membership to single ladies, and when the tour operators look for attractive people to staff their resorts, they always prefer women. Sexist perhaps—but we think the Eighties are going to be wonderful years for women and we're always on the side of the feminists. So come on ladies, listen to Jeanne's story and get out in the world earning some money!





It's really hard at my job. People think I'm lucky, and I am, but I do work really hard. I'm a courier for a travel firm that arranges holidays at nudist resorts.

One day I got up at seven to arrange a trip for some holiday-makers who wanted to go on a wine-tasting tour of the local vineyards, then had my breakfast. I went to sort out some people having trouble settling into their bungalow. Then my boss asked me to meet someone off the plane, and I had to get dressed to go to the airport.

I got back hot and sticky, flung off my clothes with relief, grabbed a salad lunch and rushed down to the beach to meet Marguerite. We wanted to do a bit of sailing.

All the holiday-makers said "Hi Jeanne! Come and have a drink with us!" but I had to refuse. One drink turns to several and by the time I get to the beach it's deserted and the sun is setting!

No sooner had I found Marguerite in the mass of bodies running about (At first it's difficult to recognise people when they're all brown and naked and you haven't been a naturist very long, but after a bit you get used to it) when this photographer came up to us and asked if he could take some photos.

"Why us!" we laughed. We're ordinary girls and we wondered what made him pick us out.

He said: "You've both got such deep sun-tans."

Of course we have - when you work for months at a nudist resort you get a bit brown sooner or later! We thought it was a bit of a lark so we found somewhere a bit quiet and off we went. But it all took ages! He photographed us separately and then together, on the beach, in the sea and even running up and down the sand-dunes, in the heat.

In the end we said we'd had enough and took our dinghy out to sea and lay flat on it. We basked in the sun, away from the beach and the noisy holiday-makers. Peace, perfect peace. We floated until the gentle movement of the waves refreshed me and gave me the mental strength to get back in the fray.

I went to meet the people who'd been wine-tasting. I don't need to tell you what state they were in! "Hi Jeanne, we've brought you back a bottle of wine!" I had to taste it right away. It wasn't very good, having got warm on the coach and shaken up a bit, but I said I liked it and then they dragged me off to dinner with them.

I had to leave early, though, because I had a date with a tall, blonde German, but he was there in the sandhills, waiting



for me. It's so sensuous, lying on the warm sand on a hot summer night, still naked - but I needn't tell you about all that because it's not part of my job!

How did I get the job? Completely by accident. My friend was a typist in a travel firm and the man from the tour operator came in and asked if she would like a naturist holiday. "Certainly not!" she said, thinking he was getting fresh. But she told me about it, so I rang up to find out more.

I love the work, and I've been a naturist all my life, but the tour operators are always looking for couriers and from their point of view, it's not so easy to find someone who's just right for the job.

She must speak more than one language. I have my native French and learnt English at

school. When they said "Can you speak German?" I said yes and rushed out to buy a text book! But a lot of the questions people ask are very similar and you can soon learn those off by heart.

Secondly, the work is seasonal. You have to be prepared to give up your bread-and-butter job for the sake of the excitement and travel. Not many girls are prepared to do that. Some tour operators will give you part-time work in the winter, distributing their brochures and giving publicity talks, but they won't guarantee it. But we know one girl who does freelance translating in the winter.

Thirdly, you have to be an independent person. It can be a bit nervewracking at first, meeting strange people all the time and coping with their demands. But you soon make

friends among the other staff of the resort. Come to think of it, most of the decision-making comes before you leave home. It's no good having a boyfriend, husband or father who's going to refuse to speak to you for ever because you take up naturism *and* work away from home for three months! But women are getting more independent and next year I hope there'll be more of us working in the naturist world.

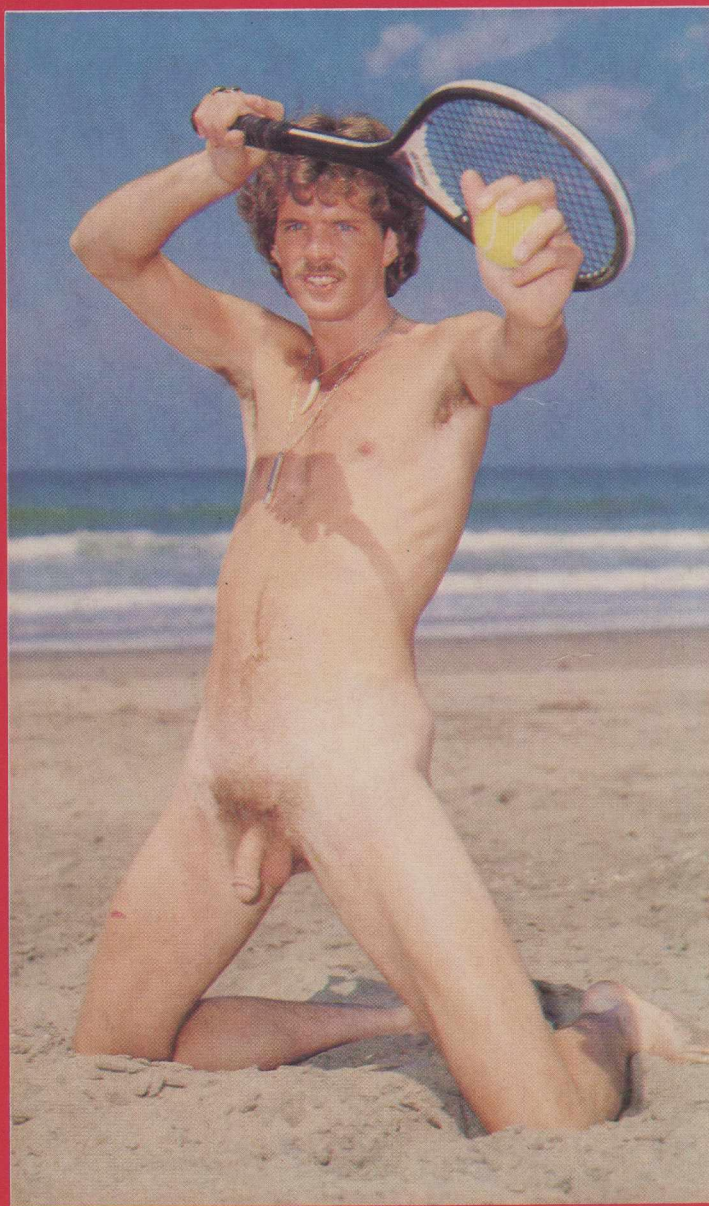
The rewards are so good. You get your pay and free accommodation, and the pleasure of living a naturist life to the full for most of the time. You have to work hard, and fight for your day off to go and explore the surrounding countryside. But more women should choose their own lives and enjoy it. Let's hope our 'liberation' will lead us that way!





LET THE BODY FREE

This month, Kurt Lichtenberg takes another look at the beaches of Menorca through the eyes of Mr. Forte. You must read about the wonderful sandy beach of Son Bou, which shows every promise of becoming one of the world's greatest nudist beaches.



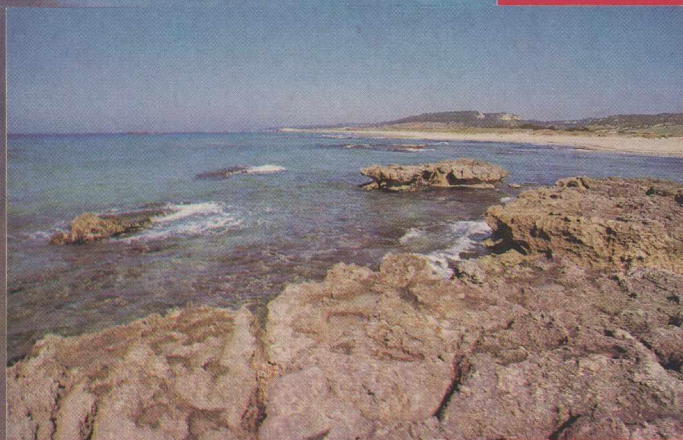
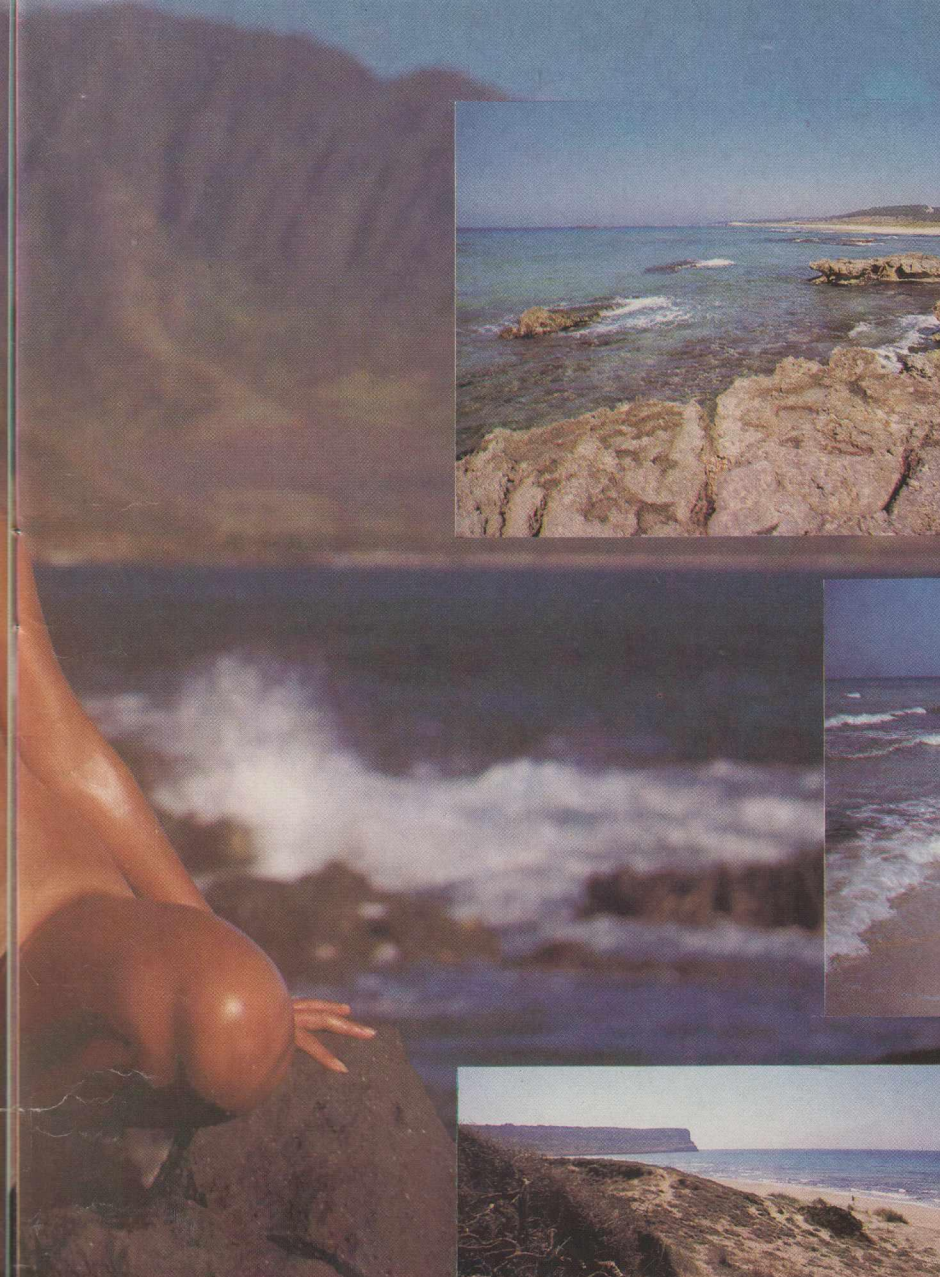
Mr. Forte, the expert on Menorcan nudist beaches, has brought us up to date. Here is what he says. "My wife and I went to Menorca again and found there had been changes in the acceptability of nude (sun) bathing on a number of the beaches about which I had previously written." He then goes on to list various beaches and describe the situation as he found it.

Son Saura (south)/Turqueta/Mitjana. It appears that all three of these beaches are visited by a motor cruiser which deposits some 60 or so tourists on each beach. When this happens you have no chance of using these beaches for nude swimming or sunbathing. Mr. Forte was unable to discover how often this happens.

Mitjana (adjacent to Santa Galdana) On his previous visit, Mr. Forte found this to be an ideal place for nudity. It is small and secluded. And although not everyone on the beach went nude, there was a "live and let live" attitude allowing everyone to do their own thing. But on his latest visit Mr. Forte was disappointed

to find not a single nude. And that was before the arrival of the motor cruiser. A number of couples arriving after 3 o'clock seemed surprised to find the situation so changed. But only one or two stripped. Although Mr. Forte didn't say so it may be that whoever gets the beach first sets the standard for the day — if not longer. If the first to arrive are naturists, and they strip, then those who follow will as likely as not join them, or if they do not, at least remain tolerant. The message — get to the beach early. Another factor, perhaps, is that Santa Galdana is possibly the largest and most popular holiday resort on the island. Even recently new hotels were opening. And the beach at Galdana is strictly textile.

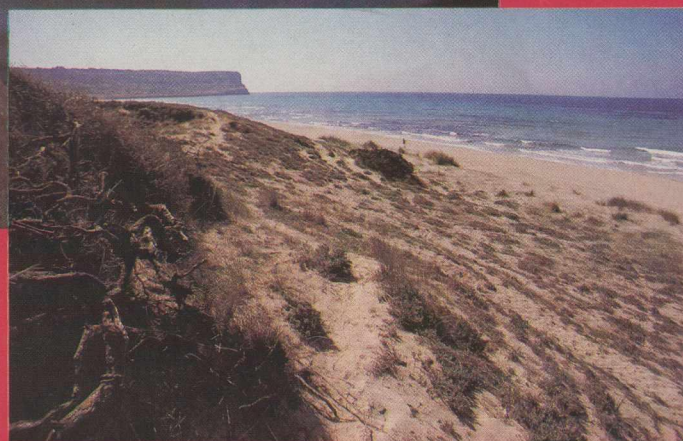
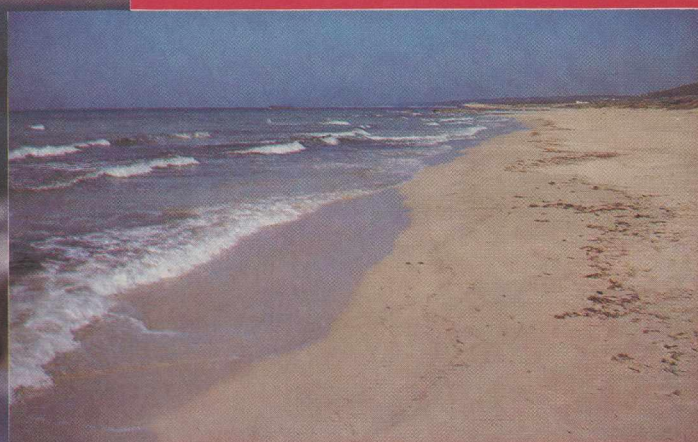
Santa Tomas (Bini-gaus) Here Mr. Forte found things little changed. The nudes were there as before. It is secluded and easy of access. You just walk along the path above the beach until you can go no further. On the way you will pass small attractive bays, but keep right on to the end where you will find it's the custom



Here is a picture of the beach at Son Bou on Menorca. As you can see the beauty of these beaches is unrivalled.

This shot of Son Bou shows the area of the nudist beach. Taken with a wide angle lens it tends to exaggerate the distances.

One of the main attractions of Son Bou is the sandhills. As you can see from this picture there are plenty of them. If you are shy, you can start your nudist experience here.



to go nude. Mr. Forte reports that all there were nude, but there were less on the beach than there had been on his previous visit. Incidentally, some of the keenest users of this beach are the Spanish themselves — nearly all of them working in the nearby hotels.

Son Bou This beach gets top marks. It is very long — over two miles and lies between San Jaime (at the east end) and Santa Tomas. It is worth noting that you can walk from Santa Tomas to Son Bou by cutting round the headland that lies between the two resorts. It will take you about half an hour. This is worth knowing for to go by car is a fairly long journey requiring a trip inland to the main road and then almost immediately an equally long trip back to the coast. On his previous visit Mr. Forte found that although quite a number of visitors were bathing naked here, they were all a little apprehensive of the textiles who also used the beach. On his latest visit he found things quite different. He says "everybody acted perfectly naturally, and no one took any notice of anyone else. Those who wanted to swim or

sunbathe naked did so and those who wished to wear some clothes similarly followed their own wishes. Thus if clothed walkers passed by naked swimmers or sunbathers, neither took any notice of the others; and if naked people walking along the beach passed a clothed group each went their way as though the others were not there."

And that surely is the way it should be. Real freedom lies in being able to do what you want to do and allowing others the same freedom. It is a mistake to try and enforce nudity, just as it is a mistake to try and enforce bathing costumes. Unfortunately most authorities feel no guilt when they force us by outmoded laws to do what they want. Naturists must be careful not to make the same mistake. Live and let live should be the motto.

This way we can rest assured

we will gather recruits. But trying to enforce nudity can only result in opposition. As Mr. Forte points out, "Not surprisingly a number of people who kept their costumes on for their first bathe and lay up among the sand hills to dry off, for their later dips stripped off ..." They saw how simple, natural and sensible nudity was in this situation. No lectures were necessary. They did the only sensible thing. After all, who really enjoys putting on clothes to have a swim?

But note — someone has to lead the way. Someone has to be the first to strip. It takes courage. But unless some are prepared to have a go, the beaches remain textile. One thing we need never be afraid of and that is the textiles. They will never turn a nudist beach back into a clothed one. In today's enlightened times they

are more likely to strip and join us.

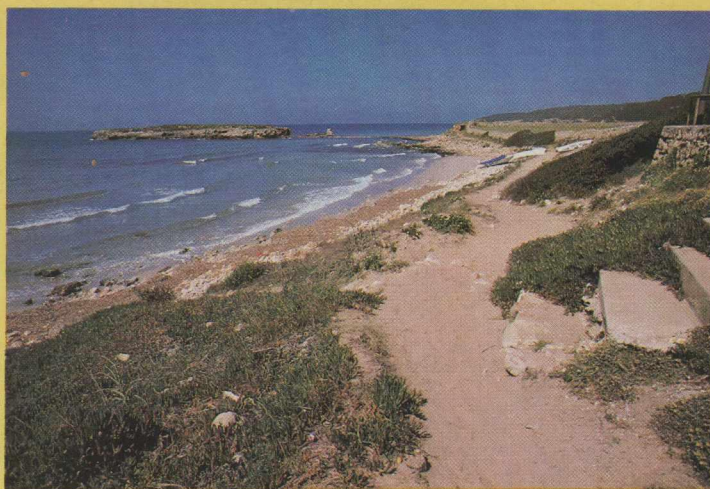
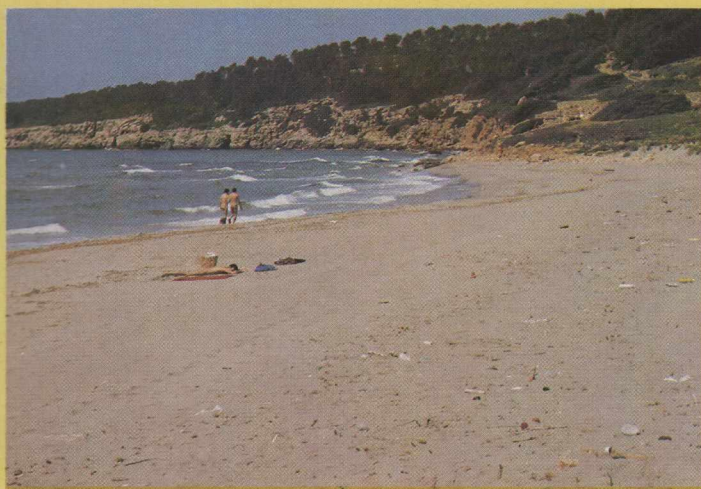
And naturists are lucky to have this beach of San Bou. It is a sheer delight. Wide, high and handsome. It features a variety of both sandy inlets and some rocky parts. It is a very wide beach backed by suntrap dunes of equally fine sand. This is the sort of beach that may make Yugoslavia have to fight to keep its premiere position in the nudist tourist world. If the Spanish authorities only have the sense to make this beach official, the whole Menorcan economy could be in for a boost.

Mr. Forte mentions only two other beaches, Trebuluger between Santa Galdana and Santa Tomas which he describes as completely inaccessible and Algaiarens where he says access appears to require some formal permission. One can't help wondering what goes on there. Is it some secret society of Menorcan nudists?

Our thanks are due to Mr. Forte. We would be only too happy to receive reports from other readers who visit beaches where nude bathing is possible. We can't promise to feature them all, but if they are in or near a popular holiday resort we certainly will. We are also indebted to Mr. Forte for responding to Maggie Stillwell's appeal for any old magazines or books on naturism. Our library has benefited by a number of books including the famous "Man and Sunlight" by Hans Suren.

He, Hans Suren, was once a





Chief of the German Army School for Physical Exercise and the copy we have was translated from the 67th edition. Think of that. Could any book on nudism run to 67 editions today? And, of course, we don't know how many further editions were issued. He writes with an infectious enthusiasm. Listen to this.

"My only aim is to point out the value of sun and air baths from the point of view of health. At the same time I would strongly urge all sun lovers, when bathing, to discard the very inhygienic (sic) bathing costume and to expose the entire body to the sun's rays. We must struggle through to the recognition of the fact that we have means of wonderful invigoration in the forces of nature, unfortunately so little known ... I have had to fight my whole life long ... in my striving after a natural manner of living ... How often I used to wander naked among forests and mountains ... Often in the morning I used to ride naked on horseback through the woods, entirely abandoned to the delights of freedom. My body became hardened to all weathers; the sunshine and the rain, storm and tempest, the soft noiseless glide of the snow in winter, were all equal joys."

The final sentences of his book are perhaps appropriate. "Hail to you all ... Hail to you who hunger to be out amid nature, that you may steel and uplift body and spirit! And hail to you all, you who with fixed resolve will to tread the way of true culture of the body to your own blessing and the blessing of all! You are the bearers of the Olympic spirit! You are the leaders to sunlight-humanity."

That was published in 1927. Here we are some half a century later and the Olympic games continue to insult reason and the human body by clothing the competitors — even those who swim! Hans Suren, I'm sure, would be ashamed of us. How long, how long will it be before reason and common sense bring us out of these dark ages?



SHOULD I GIVE UP SMOKING?

Fritz Munter, our regular contributor from Darmstadt, takes on the big guns of the anti-smoking lobby. In a recent issue he did a marvellous job demolishing the Biorhythm fanatics. Does he do as good a job here? Are you justified in continuing smoking? All we can say is that you should consider his arguments. Then you should read what the anti-smoking arguments are and make up your own mind.



I am sitting at my desk with a few of my pipes and other smoking paraphernalia in front of me and on my left there are eight pamphlets sent to me by the German Health Association. It really is terrible to know what's in store for me if I don't give up smoking today. Should I or shouldn't I? Giving up smoking has 'strengthened my moral awareness' writes one grateful reader



to the editor of these pamphlets. And I can't help noticing that they are all full of statements along the same lines. Have you ever noticed how it is that all the pleasant things in life make you unhealthy, fat or immoral?

I can't help thinking how lucky my 97 year old grandfather was! At least he could smoke his pipe without endangering anyone's morals, and

it obviously didn't damage his health either.

But now you will see I've started to look for excuses and I must admit that what follows is the opinion of a dedicated pipe-smoker. And I must say that I have found a few contradictions in the anti-smoking campaigns.

According to my pamphlets every man in his lifetime only has a limited number of heart-

beats to use up, and if he accelerates the rhythm of his heartbeat he will die earlier. So what about the keep-fit fanatic? Science maintains that by accelerating the rate at which the heart beats you can strengthen the cardiac muscles.

In 1977 Dr. F. Schmidt, the chairman of the Medical Working Party on Smoking and Health in Mannheim Germany wrote: 'There can be no doubt that smoking must be regarded as the single most important cause of illness and death, and one which has contributed significantly to the enormous increase in the cost of providing a health service'. Professor Schmidt knew all too well that the cost of smoking in the German Federal Republic

alone was DM.30,000,000,000, a sum of money which is nothing like covered by the revenue from tax on tobacco, and he was advocating higher charges for smokers. But strangely enough he did not take into consideration the decreased costs of pensions which must also follow from a shorter lifespan. Could it be that the doctors on the working party are not as convinced as they always claim they are?

Money always sorts out the sheep from the goats. If tobacco really did shorten life expectancy then you would expect non-smokers to pay less into pension schemes and insurances than smokers, and I for one would give up smoking immediately. Insur-

ance and banking people have a highly developed sense that enables them to distinguish fact from fiction, and they would all be competing with one another with special offers for non-smokers if smoking really damaged health seriously.

But all this leads me to ask what it is that is at the bottom of the campaign against smoking. Could it be that just the fact that every era needs its bogey man, something to be afraid of and worry about?

Until about 50 years ago a good deal of suffering was caused when people practiced sex outside the rigid framework prescribed by the Churches. Then medical knowledge stepped in in support, and everyone was told that all

sorts of aches and pains were caused by sex. The consequences of masturbation were terrible and any boys whose glans was even partly exposed by puberty were assumed to be guilty of persistent masturbation. A Saxon statistician put an end to all this nonsense. He compared the dates of birth of first born children with the dates of their parents' marriage and table 1 shows the result for the year 1908.

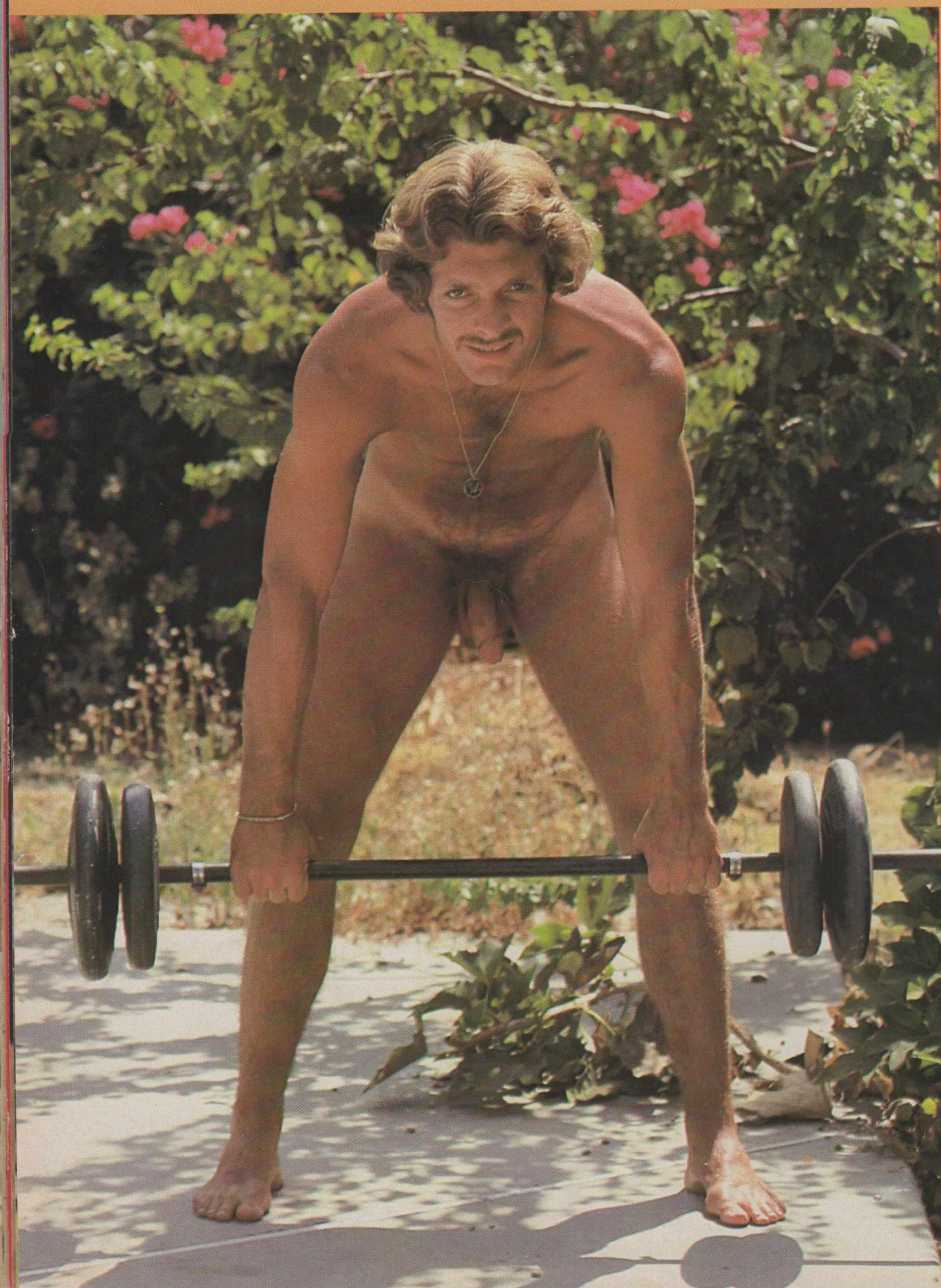
Table 1
Premarital conception in 1908

Occupation	%age
Peasant & factory workers	66
Civil servants	41
Lawyers & doctors	30
Clerics, teachers, officers	15

If you stop and think that today, using known fact, even if people want a child they usually have to have sex 30 times to achieve a pregnancy in 50% of fertile women, and this means the people of that time must have had a very active sex life. After the publication of these figures the medical profession fell very silent on the consequences of sex outside marriage.

The current medical position seems to be as follows. Continence tends to be bad to the health and a whole range of physical and sexual malfunctions are often the consequence of a lack of sexual fulfilment. So it just shows that medicine can make mistakes and that opinions change as quickly as in other spheres of life.

So it seems only reasonable to me to do my own tests. I therefore collected a number



of statistical yearbooks, and the results of my research are shown in table 2. From this table it can be shown that there is either no correlation between smoking and life expectancy or even that smoking has a positive as well as a negative effect on life expectancy and that the two balance each other out. To support this latter idea I found some statistics which are presented in table 3. And if you take the two tables in conjunction it is clear that they support the old dictum known to the Greeks that enjoyment in moderation is never a bad thing!

Anti-smokers therefore have only chosen one threat out of a whole range of hazards to human life and built it up into some sort of bogey in the hope

Table 3
Cigarette consumption
related to first heart failure

No. of cigarettes per day	Age on first heart failure
1-5	65.5
Former smokers	63.6
Non-smokers	63.4
6-14	58.4
15-24	56.0
over 25	53.5

of banishing all the other fears along with it so that they can live largely without fear. And this, of course, is why the readers of those pamphlets can write 'a long, happy and healthy life lies before me'. If only that were true! Reality is rather different.

What I have to say next is taken from the first European Congress on Smoking and Health. It can be proved, it is said, that smokers die more

frequently than non-smokers from, say, lung cancer. But it must be admitted that non-smokers are more frequently victims of stomach cancer and cancer of the intestines than smokers. So basically it's as broad as it's long and at best all you can do is choose what cancer you prefer to die from.

So how does tobacco come to be so vilified in recent times? If you look back into scientific literature you will notice that the Seventh Day Adventists are always cropping up. They seem to be at the back of all the statistical theories which favour non-smokers. Ellen White who died in 1917, a prophetess of the sect, preached that, as well as alcohol and similar things, tobacco was an evil too. She forbade her followers to eat pork and the established intelligentsia laughed and scorned what she said. What do you do in a case like that, especially when you live in the USA? Well, it seems that what you do is forgive and spend a lot of money founding research projects and institutes. And can you guess where I am going? Exactly! the anti-smoking lobby is grounded in an enthusiasm based on something more than purely

scientific interests. But do not misunderstand what I am saying, I do not mean to say that smoking is completely harmless to health no matter how much you do it. I agree with Paracelsus who as long ago as the sixteenth century pointed out that anything taken in the wrong quantity can be a poison, but that taken in the right quantity the same thing can be a medicine. To eat 50 grammes of salt a day is certainly not good for you, but to cut out salt from your diet altogether is not a good idea either.

So it is not possible to achieve good health and a long life just by following the narrow and one-sided teaching of a lobby of fanatics. A more reliable guide is to take note of what agrees with you personally. And with that thought I am going to return to my pipe.

Table 2
Relationship between cigarette consumption
and life expectancy

Country	Consumption per head of pop. (1970)	Remaining years of life for a man aged:					
		20	30	40	50	60	70
USA	3850	50.1	41.0	31.8	23.4	16.0	
Hungary	3750	50.2	40.9	31.8	23.1	15.3	9.3
Canada	3440	51.5	42.3	33.0	24.3	16.8	10.8
UK	3030	50.7	41.2	31.7	22.8	15.1	9.3
Japan	2840	51.3	41.9	32.7	23.9	15.9	9.5
West Germany	2500	50.0	40.8	31.5	22.8	15.0	9.2
Austria	2340	49.4	40.2	31.1	22.5	14.8	9.1



AUNT SALLY SUSAN

Do male doctors know enough about their women patients? In fact do male doctors know enough about women? Susan appears to doubt it and promptly gives one kindly fellow a lesson in a few things that should interest him—and a few others as well. Another question Susan raises is why do booksellers always put our magazine beside magazines almost exclusively concerned with sex? Is it simply because they associate nudity with sex?





A thousand thanks for your letter, Susan. I am re-thinking things so as to get the very best out of what you told me. You were prepared to write without embarrassment, to a complete stranger of the opposite sex, so fully about a subject just about as private and intimate as one can get. I feel eternally grateful. Someone who can do this must have a Godly attitude to life. I feel a better man for having read your letters and articles. May God always keep you in His love."

I expect He'll spare me a thought now and then. But thank you for your glowing praise; all I did was pass on some simple technical information about love-making. It's very rewarding for me when readers appreciate my replies to their letters. So often I am left wondering if my advice was taken and if the story ended happily or not!

It's not always like that. I get critical letters. This reader seems to have something against the whole publishing world;

"I am really worried about the material published in magazines nowadays. Even women's journals are bordering on the pornographic. The advertisements are full of naked women in erotic poses; the articles are all about sex."

I am a doctor and these publications have a bad influence on my women patients. They come to me saying they do not have orgasms when they make love. One woman I questioned closely seemed to be having orgasms, but because it didn't feel like what she'd read about, she thought there was something the matter with her!

Sometimes I am obliged to tell women to accept the fact that they are non-orgasmic. It's no good for them to be

thinking of orgasm as a right if it just doesn't happen to them. They may have a physical defect, such as the clitoris being a long way from the vagina, which means it won't receive enough stimulation. Magazines do a lot of harm when they encourage women to be discontented because they are not receiving orgasms as a right."

You sound a kind man, genuinely concerned about your lady patients and there is a lot of truth in what you say. Magazines do present a picture of life that is larger than life; fiction does talk about drama-

The facts of Life and Sex

tic experiences each time a couple make love; and we do live in a society that constantly causes people to worry over whether they are normal or not. I always tell my correspondents to find out what is right for them, and them alone, instead of wondering what the rest of the world thinks or does.

Because you are a doctor, I hesitate to criticise your anatomical and sexual knowledge. But you are treading on dangerous ground when you suggest

to a feminist like myself that a non-orgasmic woman has a physical defect! Yet it seems that you are aware that the female climax stems from the clitoris, yet unaware that other methods than straightforward sexual intercourse should be used to stimulate the clitoris.

According to Alfred Kinsey, the great sexologist, 97% of women reached orgasm eventually, some of them well after middleage. Master and Johnson researches have shown that every woman has the physical

capacity for orgasm; and non-orgasmic women reach new heights as soon as their husbands are taught female anatomy and psychology! So don't tell your female patients to give up the idea of a fulfilling sex life. Instead tell them to send their husbands to you for some hard talking about the facts of life and sex!

Some more comments about magazines, including this one in particular;

"Wandering round the shelves of my local newsagents, I see that H & E is still shelved among the girlie and pornographic publications. H & E a sex mag - it's ridiculous! I once ordered a copy from my local newsagent. The husband and wife put the issue in a paper bag and as I left the husband said laughingly; 'enjoy the nice pictures'. I tried to explain to them that H & E is not a sex magazine but they wouldn't listen. They must have thought I was a pervert. The connection between sex and nudity is so strongly embedded in everyone's mind that it is difficult to persuade them to the contrary. You could perhaps change this idea by not having lovely model girls on your covers, but more males and families."

I'm not sure I like this claim that we are not interested in sex at Health and Efficiency. Of course we are. Naturists do not shed their sexuality with their clothes. I take it that you personally do not find the pictures in the magazine enjoyable? Perhaps only a pervert would? As for our



Maybe she's thinking it's the old story - "sorry we've run aground again dear!"



covers, nude girls are on the covers of women's magazines, hi-fi magazines and photographic magazines. Why should we be different? At least our cover girls are enjoying their nakedness and not using their bodies to advertise sun-tan cream, tape recorders or cameras.

Regular readers will remember the young man who wrote last month searching for a naturist partner. He writes again;

"My quest may be over! I was talking to a girl I have known for nearly five years, and it transpired that she used to belong to the very club of which I am currently a member - 'Eureka'. She is a convinced nudist. We are planning a weekend at Eureka together. Two aesthetic points - 1. Where is it possible to buy body paints? 2. Are there any depilatory creams for men, or is shaving the only method?"

I'm so glad to hear of your forthcoming weekend - you will let me know how you get on, won't you? I'm sorry your letter was so short. Did you actually discuss naturism although neither of you knew that the other was interested? After five years?!

As far as I know, body paints are not sold as such - people merely use the colourful cosmetics sold to women as eye-shadow, rouge, etc. Theatrical make-up may or may not, be cheaper. As for depilatory creams for men; use a non-scented ladies cream. If you are particularly hairy, leave it on for longer than the

recommended time. Are you and your lady into depilation? Are you going to Eureka depilated? Do any of the other members remove their hair? Do let me know!

It seems that in spite of my efforts, pubic-hair shaving is creeping back into this column. Someone in South London has put pen to paper in his enthusiasm;

"I love shaven genitals in women. I shave my own lady regularly and she enjoys it. I shave my own pubes with a razor or use my wife's hair-removing cream. If ladies use facial quality cream it should not hurt their labia. My wife finds creams O.K. I like using them on my body and enjoy the tingling sensation! My only objection to the women in the photos in H. & E. is that there is too much hair. After all, ladies shave yards of legs and acres of armpits and lips. Why leave a patchy triangle?"

I suspect that ladies leave a patchy triangle because removing their hair makes them just a little more nude than they would like to be, in the public eye anyway. But whatever the reason, I do think that every individual has the right to groom their body how they see fit.

I cannot recommend the use of depilatory cream on the genitals, whatever you say. You should not be feeling a tingling sensation if the cream is not harming your skin. The manufacturers themselves always recommend a trial on the arm, in case you have delicate skin, and it is never more



Quiet, lazy holidays beside a river in Germany. What point have clothes in these surroundings?

delicate than on the vulva.

Another favourite male topic - erections. A German reader writes;

"May I say how good it is to see that the penis, small or large, is no longer discreetly screened from your excellent pages. Also the mention of erection is good. It does happen, and often, and the more one sees and accepts this, the less impact it has, which is good. I am a schoolteacher and immediately upon getting home I strip and remain naked for all the time I am indoors. I often get an erection, especially when doing anything energetic which involves excess

movement of my penis and testicles. So what! It subsides, but if not I can masturbate (awful sinner!) I belong to a small open club and during the season one does see erections. No one takes any notice and certainly no one comments. Of course, no one attempts to make love in public but it is good to be naked in company which does not bother about the state of one's genitals. After all, nothing is done about the female nipples becoming erect, which is a sign of sexual arousal so why should a male be made self-conscious if he acquires an erection - surely a sign of contentment and



relaxation — would you not agree?"

I'm afraid not. I always thought the relaxation bit came afterwards.

The male penis has been pictured in *Health and Efficiency* for more years than I care to remember. I have never seen an erection in a naturist setting — what happens in the privacy of your own home is your own business. Erect female nipples are not a sign of sexual arousal, merely that a cold wind is blowing! For a professed naturist, your letter surprised me — where have you *been* lately? Not reading *H. and E.*!

Now a reader rather bored with discussions on penis size, so he's shifting the conversation slightly;

"Men like myself believe that we possess the largest equipment and love to be

flattered about it. We are too obsessed with it and there is too much interest in it. Surprisingly, there is little mention of men's testicles. After all, there is more to a man than just his penis. The size, shape and beauty of a man's balls are just as significant. I am amazed to see the great variety displayed in H. and E. It's this variety that makes the human body so interesting. Wouldn't you agree Susan, that a man's balls are just as beautiful as his penis?"

I hate these discussions about bits of the body being defined by words like beautiful and ugly. Of course there is more to a man than just his penis. There's his arrogance, his intellect and his personality — and his evil delight in trying to draw forth sexy discussions from female journalists like me!

PERSONAL VIEW

Have you ever thought of starting a naturist club? Been put off by the cost of land? Or the cost of developing and fencing it? Bill Holesworth faced this prospect when suddenly he had an idea. The sun was free and so were the nearby beaches. Why not start his own beach club? At first it was a struggle, then we gave him a mention in our columns. Suddenly the club took off, the letters poured in, the telephone never stopped ringing. But hear about it in Bill's own words.

It was hot and sunny as we were driving along the narrow roads of Lincolnshire. My wife and two daughters were in the car with me. The girls were fed up and very uncomfortable with the heat. Where could we go to get out of the heat of the car was the question that kept popping up from all the family. I knew where to go, my job as a roundsman gave me the local knowledge that we were about ½ mile away from a nudist camp. Dare I ask the family to go to this club and ask if we could join? It was so hot I had to ask the question. It was now or never. I said how nice it would be to sunbathe nude. The answers I got surprised even me. To my amazement they all said yes, let's go and have a look at them.

We drew up to the gate. Who would press the bell. We were all nervous. What dark secrets lay ahead, what would we be expected to do? Would I get an erection. Would my lovely wife chicken out at the last minute? Would the two girls refuse to go behind these

hedges and gates? To hell with it I thought, it's now or never. My heart started racing as my finger touched the bell button. I had done it now, there was no turning back. I felt like creeping into the nearest hole. We waited but no one answered the bell. Should we leave while the going was good I asked the family. Too late for an answer, someone was coming. It was a tall, slim girl walking towards the gate. My stomach turned over, my hands began to sweat. It was dripping off my brow. Was it the heat or was it the thought of what lay ahead. Too late to do anything now, the girl was asking me what we wanted. I remember stammering that we would like to join to club and how did we go about it. Without asking me anything the young lady invited us in. We stepped over the invisible line, we were in the club.

The young lady locked the door behind us. We had taken the first step, what was at the end of the little tree lined lane in front of us? The young lady introduced herself as Joan. She



FREE SUN BEACH NEWS

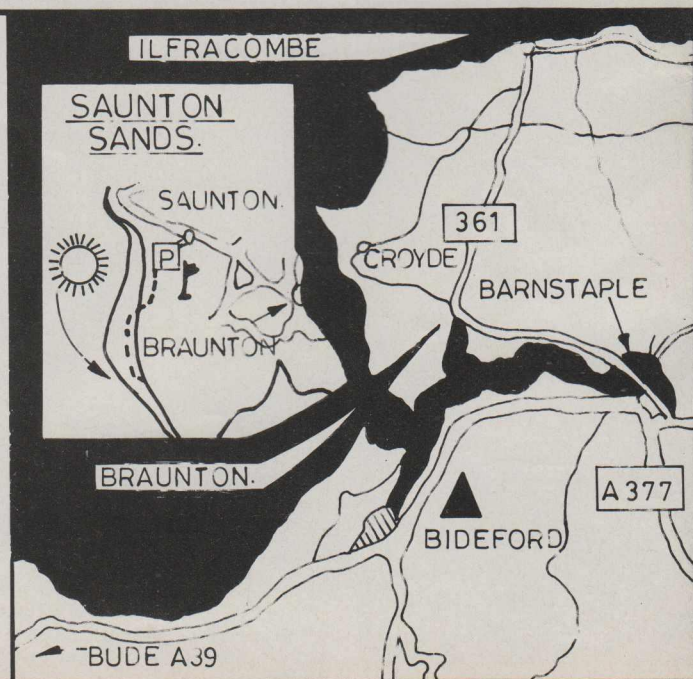
SAUNTON SANDS

Trevor McIlveen of Oxford joins many others in praising Saunton Sands, the North Devon beach selected for this month. He writes: 'Drive through Barnstaple and Braunton until you reach Saunton. In Saunton look out for marked road to Braunton Burrows. Take this and park in car park. Walk through large open gates for about 5 minutes. On your right is single track road over sand dunes. A steady walk of ¾ hour brings you to the beach. Turn left (south) and walk for ½ hour. The beach is long and wide with fine sand. Swimming, however, can be unsafe at times!

Because of the distance he advises taking food and drink

and also points out that although a public beach it is on a firing range so keep a watch out for red flags. Textiles use the beach as well, but the southern end is accepted (unofficially) as naturist. Others have also said how much they like this coastline. A vast expanse of dunes south of the Saunton Sands Hotel, bounded only by the Golf Course. Do take care bathing, however, particularly if you choose the area by the river mouth.

Another Free Sun Beach a few miles further north, very well spoken of, is Wild Pear Bay reached by footpath from Combe Martin.



START YOUR OWN BEACH CLUB

told us that she and her husband Les were the only people there that day and that she was taking a risk letting us in without one of the committee members being there. She explained that there had to be a committee member there to vet us. She said that she and her husband were not bothered about this and seeing that it was a hot and fine day they could see no reason why we should not come in and soak up the sunshine.

The way she was talking made us think she was a bit of a rebel. Her husband Les explained that they would probably be on the carpet as soon as the committee found out that we had been let in without their approval. We asked if we should leave to save them trouble. We explained that we could come back another day, but they did not appear to be bothered.

Les and Joan invited us to the poolside. During the conversation I was aware that Joan had undressed and I could see Les in full frontal view. What was my wife thinking? Dare I look at this young lady who was now sitting at the edge of the pool with me. I stole a glance in her direction, she was naked. She was 23 years old and she was all woman, our arms were touching as we sat together, she naked, I fully clothed. I asked if it was all right to strip. We did not wish to upset the committee or get this nice couple into trouble. They said we could. We stripped and I was glad of the short break. There we were, the whole family nude: it was the first time we had done this in the company of others. The sex barrier had fallen. We had become nudists.

On our second visit we felt very much at ease except that



we had to meet the committee. The undressing bothered us not at all. We had bridged that gap with Joan and Les. Would the committee accept us? What sort of things would we be made to do? Only one way to find out, we must go there again.

We arrived at the gates with a little more knowledge than on the first occasion. We were let in by another young lady and her male escort. We explained that we had been to the club the previous day and that we were invited back by Les and Joan.

They locked the gates and led us into the middle of the club. We noticed about a dozen people there this time. We waved to them and they waved back. The natives at least were friendly. Our escorts intro-

duced us to the little band of people. One was the president. After he explained to us that he knew that we had been there and that we should not have been let into the grounds without his or one of his officers permission he appeared a little more friendly towards us. He started asking lots of questions. He asked us if we had any objections to joining Headquarters. We did not know what he was on about, so we said that we did not mind at all. To us it could have been a union or something. He explained that we would be on probation for a year. Then he gave us a list of rules and regulations.

To us it sounded like a prison camp. Rules, camp wardens, probation for a year, locked gates, no doing this and

that. What had we come into? A lovely camp, but all those regulations. Not for us. We could strip off in our back garden and enjoy the sunshine without rules.

We still had to go before the committee, an awe inspiring ordeal yet to come. One must have rules and regulations but this was daft. We later discovered that a lot of young people had left naturism because of the same problems.

Several visits later we realised that this club and all its rules and the bickering among the older people and the young people was not for us. We had to leave, or form our own club. Where, was the question. Land was expensive. To buy it was out of the question. It struck us that the beach was the answer to our problem. What better place than the beach. We lived alongside it. We would try and start a small club on the sands. How would we go about it? We advertised and got three replies. One was from a chap in March. Yes, it was the beach expert, Phil Vallack. He explained that he did some work for H. & E. and that he was about to write a book. We invited him down to look at some of the beaches where we live.

Phil came to Cleethorpes and we went exploring local beaches. We found one suitable for nude sunbathing; the ideal place for nudists. He said he would try and give our idea a mention in H. & E. He kept his promise. The write up did the trick for us, only a small mention, BUT, the telephone calls and the letters that came flooding in from that little mention in H. & E. put us in business. The seed had been sown. We had grown overnight from a handful of pioneers to a large club. During the next few months we managed to get a few more mentions in H.&E.

We could not believe our good luck. The letters came flooding in. We felt as if we had won the pools, we had over 500 enquiries in the first 12 months. There was no turning back now; the next step was to get the beach made official by the Lincolnshire council.

To cut a long story short we had to contact them many times. They passed us from one department to another, to various other bodies like the Ministry of Defence and the nature reserve people. All gave various reasons for not wanting nudists on the beach. Only by hard work and determination did we get where we are today, officially approved. In other words, we can use the beach. They have promised no council action. The police have promised that they will not interfere.





Nude and Sensual Seaside Lady

Regular readers will know that our policy is to entertain. Usually we're down-to-earth sort of people and don't beat about the bush, or get lost in the mazes of philosophy and religion. Until we got these beautiful photographs of Teresa. She sent them with a passionate plea for a more natural life. With simple poetic words she explained why clothes have no place in her scheme of things. We hope you'll read this as avidly as intensely as Teresa wrote it.

It's hard to explain the effect the sea-shore has on me. I've been known to walk for miles along the water's edge, thinking about life and death and love.

You see, the beach has been here for millions of years. Day after day the sun has shone on the water. Year after year the seasons have changed. The great ice-ages left grey skies hovering over the water. The earth's hot times caused the

rocks to crack and split with the heat. It seems to me that everything that ever was is visible on a beach.

You've heard about the ancient alchemists? They thought the world consisted of four elements: earth, air, fire and water. Where do you find them all? On a beach.

Just look at those rocks; what could be more of the earth? You may have heard the saying 'Man may come and





would think about our meaning as humans and the changes all around us.

The third element is fire. Oh, how I love the sun! All life on our planet depends on the sun. Sometimes I lay on the beach, on the sand or the rocks, and I can feel the sun's rays melting into me, turning my blood to liquid gold in my imagination. It's such a health-giving warmth, such a comfort. It makes me feel as though the entire power of the universe is inviting me to join it, accept it.

But have you ever been sunburnt? Have you seen the sun's rays pour through a piece of broken glass onto dried grass in the meadow? This is the paradox of the third element. It has such power and beauty; and yet can be so dangerous and harmful. It shines down through the moving air and gives our modern technology its entire power. It's not the sun, but us, who've turned that power away from human good.

And lastly, water. I walk along the sea's edge and watch the waves lapping against the shore, just as they've done for millions of years. I like to dive and weave my way between the blue currents. Did you know that water has a unique property? It becomes lighter

man may go, but earth abides'. Those rocks have been there since before you and I were born, since before there were even amoebas, never mind humans. Every time I look at those rocks I think of eternity. How small our span on earth is! How little it matters!

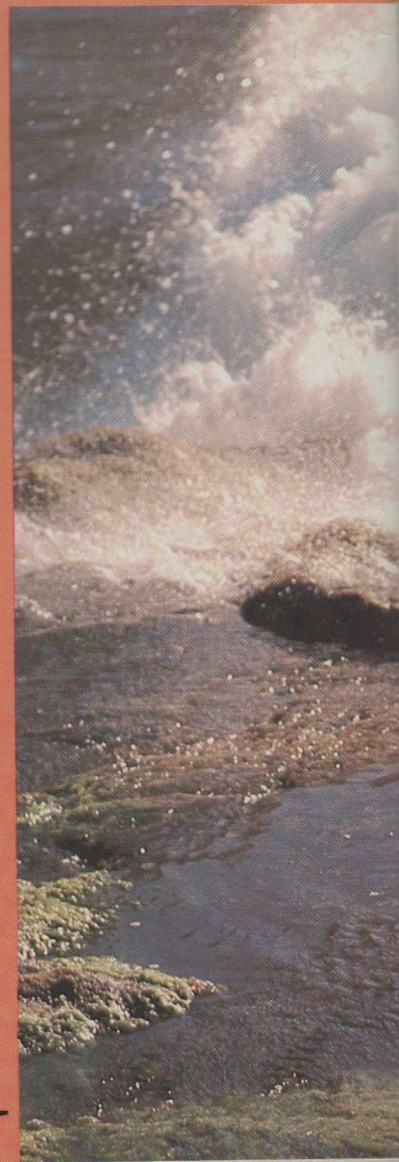
Yet does it? We're all part of the great cosmos, the great design. The universe is made up of tiny fragments. Human life is part of that. If you and I were not here, the world would be different. The difference would be incredibly small, but it would be there all the same. We are part of everything there is. I look at the rocks and feel a great humility — yet I also know my place in the scheme of things.

The air: on a beach the wind rushes against the rocks, carries the weather against them, and makes them rough or smooth according to the seasons and how strongly the wind blows. The air is never still, even on the calmest day. There's always a gentle breeze, shifting and changing. Life's like that too. Constantly changing. All nature is in a continual state of movement. The only thing we can be sure of is that things change. So every time I feel the wind caressing my skin, I think about these things, and feel secure, even in the middle of our changing times, shifting ideas.

I like myself more. People laugh at women for changing

all the time, but this is because we're in touch with nature's patterns. The more we women change and grow, the more natural the life we're living.

They say we're born between water and a sigh. It's true. Air signifies for me intelligence, learning, education. Because we need air to talk. We change the shape of our sighs and language and meaning come out. We are distinguished from the rest of nature because we use words to communicate with each other. As the wind blows I feel that the whole of modern education and technology has immense power for human good. Perhaps it isn't being used that way, but if folk went naked down to the beach more often, they too



when it freezes. This means that ice always rises to the surface of any lake or pond; life can continue under the surface. We're supposed to be descended from life in the water and then fishes. If it wasn't for the way water behaves when cold, life as we know it wouldn't have evolved at all. It makes you think, doesn't it?

Sea-water only freezes in very cold climates. Some scientists would have us believe that we crawled out of the sea. We spent a great deal of our prehistory living by the sea. Every time I see a crowd of holiday-makers rushing onto a beach, I wonder if we don't have some racial memory of what it was like millions of years ago, when we all lived with the smell of salt in our nostrils, eating shell-fish, falling asleep night after night with the sound of the sea in our ears.

But it's no good for me on a crowded beach. I have to be alone — alone so that I can think and communicate with the elements, feel at one with nature. The whole experience is a sensuous one for me.

Because as I think, only the things that matter come to my mind. When you are faced with eternity, the petty abstractions

of daily life fade away. I feel safe and secure and I know myself. I know how I came to be here and what I'm here for; to make love and give birth to a new generation, to give pleasure and sensuousness to all around me. I'm a female human, at one with nature's purpose.

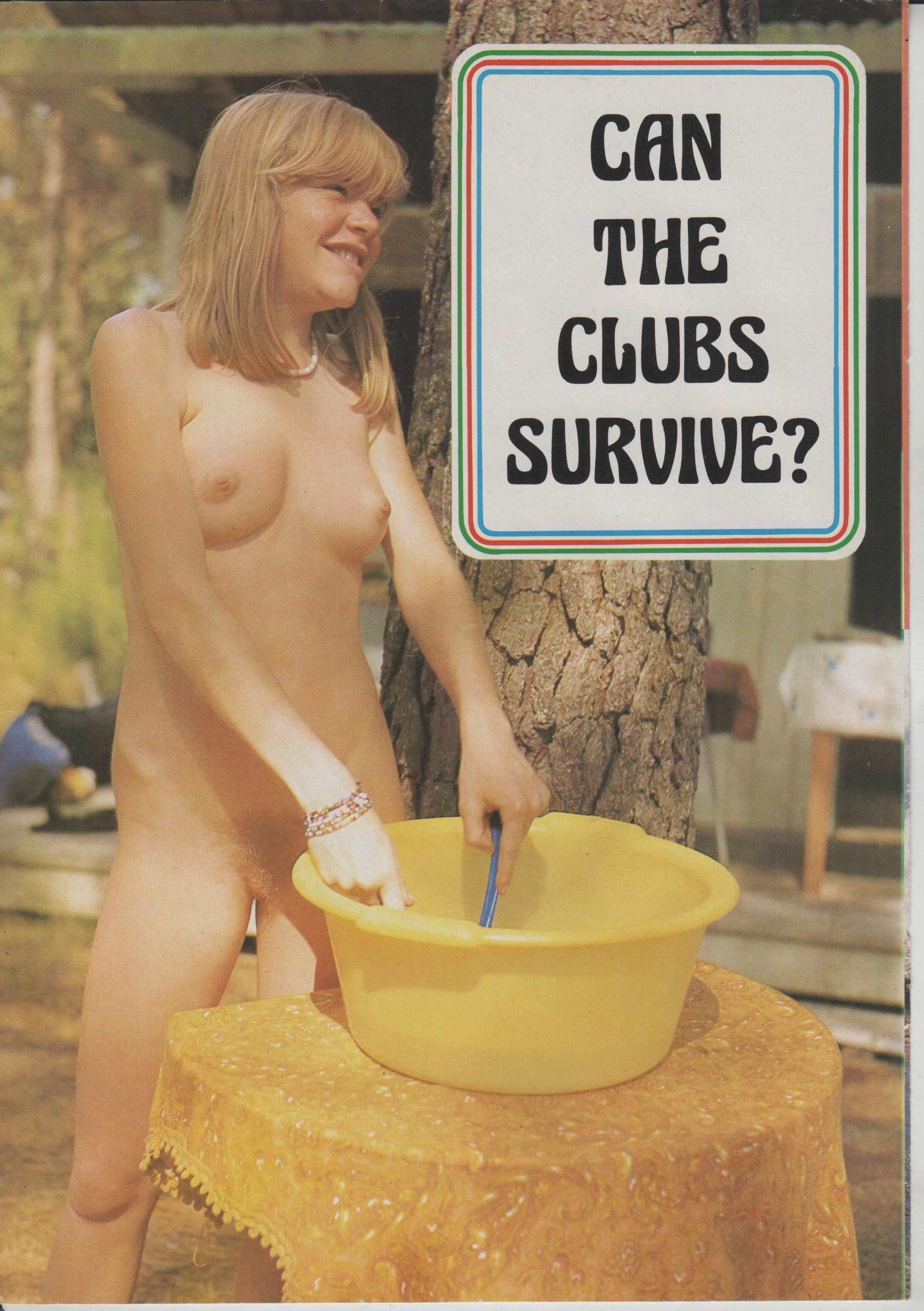
I lie in the sun and want to make love to what gave us life. I feel the wind against me and want to communicate with my fellow beings. Underneath me, the earth supports me and reminds me of my place on the planet. I listen to the waves and think of children; conceived in water, carried in water, and growing up to be humans who rush to the seashore.

Maybe I'm not a very good writer. But maybe now you can get a glimpse now of why I need to go to the beach, how I wander along the water's edge, thinking, and how clothes don't enter my scheme of things at all. I sit on the beach until the red sun drops slowly below the surface of the sea, and darkness falls.







A photograph of a woman with blonde hair and bangs, smiling, standing in a nudist setting. She is wearing a pearl necklace and a beaded bracelet. She is holding a blue object in a large yellow plastic tub that sits on a yellow lace-covered table. A tree trunk is behind her, and a table with a white cloth is visible in the background.

CAN THE CLUBS SURVIVE?

Phil Vallack, our regular reviewer of the current free beach situation, is taking a month off. In steps Raymond Lark in an attempt to assess the result of the spreading practise of public beach nudity. What will happen to the clubs and nudist holiday resorts then? Are they doomed to extinction or will they soldier on regardless. Most importantly, should the Clubs attempt to resist the free beaches or should they support this latest development along Europe's shoreline?



Where the clubs will always score is in the friendliness of the members. Free beaches are apt to lack every day contact.



And who will provide the facilities for enjoyment of the free beaches? The local councils? So long as vandals exist that is hardly likely. Again the clubs score.

Nudity on the public beaches might have begun on the Isle de Levant in the Mediterranean, but Denmark was the first European country to free the beaches to any real extent. Now the idea is catching on fast.

Along the south of France the topless bather is now a commonplace sight. The topless craze has spread around the world, and although some countries are still holding out against the tide, it cannot be for long.

And where the topless rules the bottom is sure to follow. In other words it looks as though it is only a matter of time before nude sunbathing and swimming become the norm. Anyone then appearing in a bathing costume will be as shocking a sight as nudity still is on some beaches.

But what about the laws against nudity, won't they put a stop to this progress? The answer is no. For although such laws apply in most countries, laws are made to suit society and not the other way around. We have already seen how things move. At first the law is applied rigorously. Police appear and arrests occur. Sometimes it works and a promising free beach is nipped in the bud. But sometimes it fails.

Consider the case of the famous Pampelonne beach

FIVE BARES



Inside the club, members trust each other and photography can be enjoyed as part of the nudist scene.

near St. Tropez, dealt with elsewhere in this issue. Its history is probably typical of what will happen in other places. At first the police arrest the nudists. But after a while — maybe a year or two — the police are content to make only the occasional appearance. Then the nudists don clothes at the approach of a patrol and take them off again when the police have passed.

This charade can only last a short while. Eventually even the police begin to sense its absurdity and keep clear. And thus we arrive at a compromise — a tolerated area. The law is still unchanged, it is just unenforced. This is bound to be the situation for a long time. Eventually though, when there are more tolerated beaches than textile ones, the law is likely to be either repealed or a new regulation substituted.

At present in this country we have the strange situation where the authorities refuse to sanction a bye-law which would ban nudes from swimming off a beach on the south coast. But the same authority will allow nude sunbathing but

not nude swimming from a beach on the east coast.

These anomalies are bound to occur while customs are changing. Nevertheless they can be frustrating and annoying for those who regard a wet bathing costume as a kind of torture.

But how are our present day naturist clubs going to react to the freeing of the beaches? Already in the USA it would appear that the official nudist body does not take too kindly to the appearance of tolerated beaches along their coast. And if you think about it for a moment, this is hardly surprising. It is quite likely that the club movement in Europe might find the expansion of free beaches not as attractive as first it seems.

Consider the imaginary situation where a sun club exists beside or not far from a fine sandy shore line. Further imagine that beach becomes a free beach where you can swim and sunbathe naked. One can easily imagine what will happen to the club. As more and more members decide they would rather enjoy their nudity free

of all club dues, the club dies. So while only a few years ago many would have thought sun clubs could go on into perpetuity, this seems highly unlikely today.

But of course most clubs do not exist beside an attractive shore line. And if it is a question of driving two or three miles to the club or two or three hundred miles to a beach, then the club is bound to remain the more attractive option.

But wait. Not even the remotest country club is safe. For once the beaches are free, who can say where optional nudity will stop? Already those opposed to the spread of nudity on the beaches are asking the same question. Asking it in order to drum up opposition. But we can ask the question too. Why stop at the beaches? What is so special about them? Next it must be the public swimming pools. Many already hold nude swimming sessions. It is but a small step for them to scrap

their rules on swimwear. At first nudity will be optional and assumed by only the most daring. But eventually common sense will prevail and anyone wearing a costume in a public swimming pool will be regarded as some very rare oddity.

Then, why stop at the public swimming pools? What about the public parks? Citizens already sunbathe in their public parks. Office workers spend sunny lunch hours in nearby parks — the men often stripped to the waist. With feminine equality all the rage, can it be long before the girls follow. And can it be long after that before both men and women regard it as perfectly normal to take off all their clothes so as to get the greatest benefit from the sun? It may sound far fetched now, but only a fast disappearing sense of body guilt prevents it from happening now.

Then what happens to the naturist clubs? It is all too easy to predict their end.

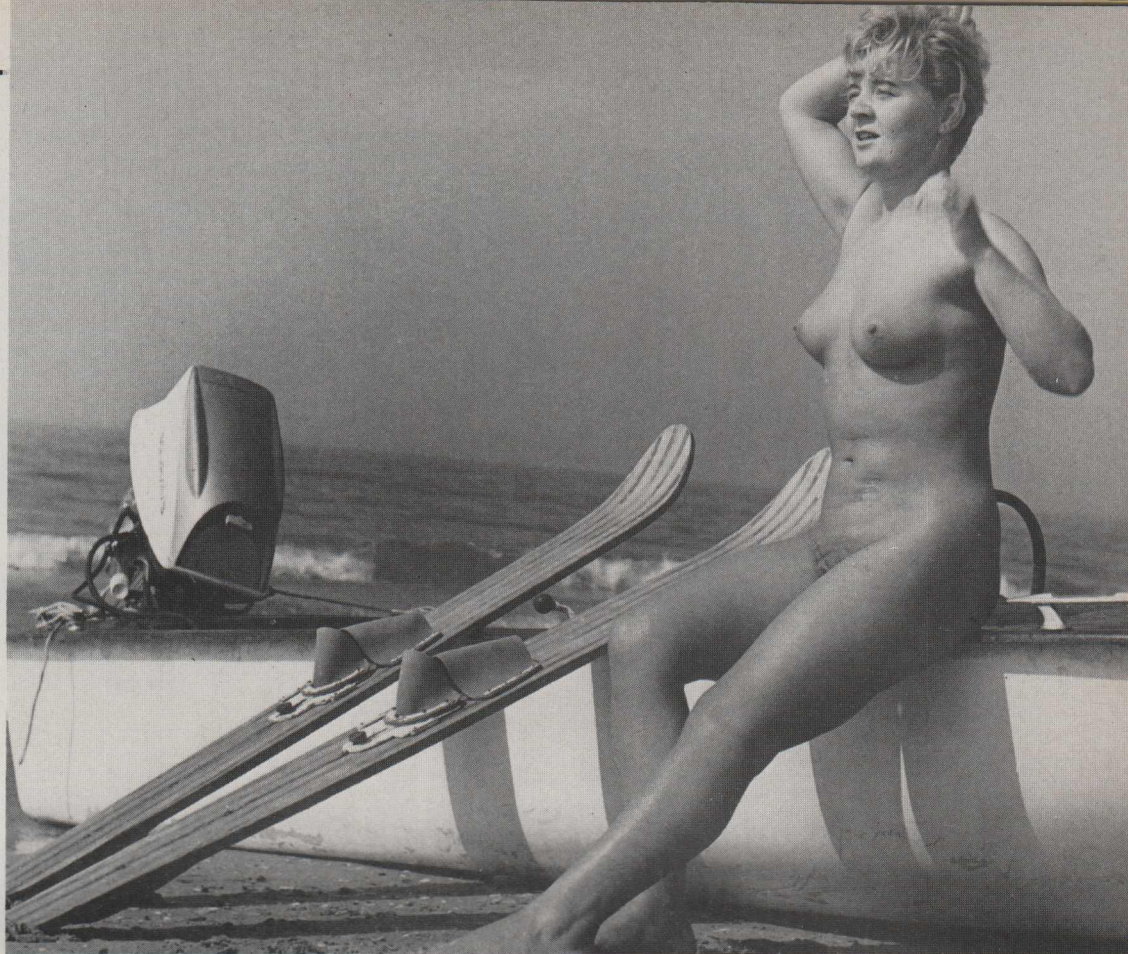
Few beaches look pretty. But clubs have the resources and the continuity to build up amenities for members to enjoy.



But before we write them off completely perhaps we should look more closely at the possible situation. The clubs, at least some of them, have put a great deal of effort and money into providing facilities for both nude sport and nude relaxation. Some have even found it difficult to attract enough members to make this investment viable. But when nudity becomes common, attracting members will be much easier. And when the public find that the facilities they can enjoy in the clubs are superior to those outside they may find their annual subscription a good investment.

So although optional public nudity everywhere is bound to affect the clubs badly at first, in the long run they may even benefit.

And, of course, the same is true of the existing nudist holiday resorts. They may lose a few visitors in the early stages but eventually they will prosper. But to do so they will have to give something the muni-



On the free beach you have to bring your own equipment and some of it is far from easy to transport long distances.

cipal beaches and parks do not. They will be in a competitive situation. Their swimming pools will have to be better. Their sports facilities will have to provide more. Their catering and accommodation will have to compete in both price and comfort with outside Hotels.

Probably the most successful nudist holiday resorts of the future will be those well away from existing popular resorts. For instance if the entire south coast of France went totally nude it is hard to imagine Agde and other beach side resorts prospering in competition with the far more attractive towns along the Cote D'Azur. And if all the Mediterranean coast line from Gibraltar through Spain, France and Italy to Sicily went naked, even the inland resorts would be affected. If beaches north and south of Montalivet went nude however, it is likely the nudist resort there would survive because it provides the sort of facilities which are just not available in the vicinity.

But gazing into the crystal ball is always a risky venture. If anyone could be only 51 per cent right they could make a fortune on the stock market. It may all turn out to be completely different. Only the readers of this magazine 80 years hence will know the answer.



Here at the Gardenia Club north of London, you will discover the benefits a club provides — not the least of these being a civilised bar, and efficient cafe.

LIBERTY PLAGE
PLAGE PAYANTE
CATÉGORIE A
BAR ★ ★

LE STATIONNEMENT

EST SUBORDONNÉ A
L'UTILISATION PAYANTE
DES INSTALLATIONS.

LA TRAVERSÉE
DE LA PLAGE EST LIBRE

—
PRÉFECTURE
DU 18-6-73
N° 1973/CIF
—



PASSPORT TO PAMPELONNE

Pampelonne beach near St. Tropez, has several names, the most appropriate being Liberty Plage. Now - a - days the authorities like to boast that theirs was the first free beach along the Mediterranean. True, but in the early days that free beach cost a lot of people money in fines. The position is different today, whatever you care to wear or not wear, you will be left alone to 'do your own thing.' Lance Ridgeway tells you how to get there and what it is like.

St. Tropez. What a marvelous word. It holds a magic and mystery all of its own. And long before it had Bardot and a nudist beach, many would go out of their way just to see how the magic of the name matched reality.

And the magic remained so long as you kept near the harbour. But as more and more tourists arrived something went wrong. The genuine artists were replaced by those who counted the tourists pennies more important than integrity. The harbour yachts were replaced by those huge motor boats permanently tied to the shore. Their owners, as often as not, were a motley bunch who hardly knew one end of the boat from the other. You see they just hired them by the week.

But nearby and over a quite steep hill lay a little known beach. It was, and is still, known as the Plage de Pampelonne. I suppose no one will



This young English visitor and her husband parked their caravan behind the beach at Pampelonne and enjoyed a fortnight's fun and freedom.

ever know the brave soul who first bared his (or her) all on this remote strand. But bare it they did. The word got around and about 15 years ago the first naturists from France, Germany and other parts of Europe set out for St. Tropez, not to bother about the one time fishing village, but attracted by the fame of Pampelonne.

To tell the truth the beach was really a part of a far more popular bathing place known as Plage de Tahiti. And this Tahiti beach was easily reached from the town. Most visitors to Pampelonne in the early days took the short, sharp road to Tahiti beach and then foot-slogged it a long way south until the crowds began to thin. Then the first topless would appear, then the first nudes. When this occurred you knew you had arrived. You can still do this today. But I advise against it. Not only is the walk long and tiring but finding any place to park your car at the Tahiti Plage end of the beach is next to impossible. A far better plan is to take the N.93, keeping an eye out for signs which lead you to the popular camping/caravanning areas which now back the beach of Pampelonne. When last I was there I stayed at a camp known as the Toison D'or.

Today the tourist authorities are quick to boast of their free beach at Pampelonne. They will tell you that they were the first to develop this amenity and that others along the coast are only newcomers in the modern game of sun-bathing and swimming in the buff. But if the truth be known every authority tried its best to stop the nudity at Pampelonne. The real "battle of the beaches" was fought out here. The police regularly patrolled the



Sometimes even the Mediterranean can cut up rough. When it does you can enjoy Atlantic like waves.

beaches and anyone caught nude was run off to jail. They even used helicopters to harass the nudists. Foremost among the fighters for the freedom of Pampelonne were the Germans and they were the ones who suffered most at the hands of the local police. Those of you who today enjoy the almost

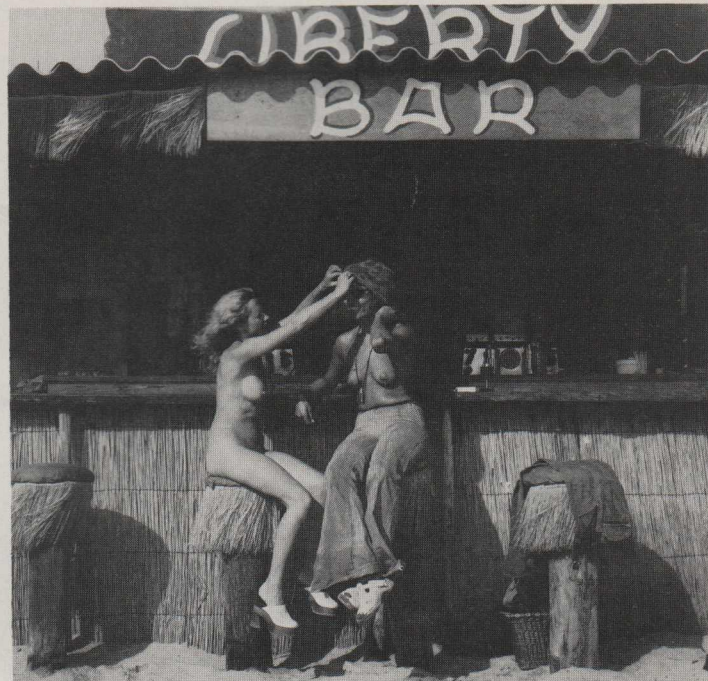
total freedom of this beach should pause every now and again to remember that your freedom had to be bought. That elderly old bore there could as likely as not have gone to prison for his beliefs a few years back.

How do you get there? Well, Pampelonne is no private affair.

It is no different from most other beaches in France. Anyone can go on the beach and there is no charge. For the use of the beach that is. But unfortunately there is precious little beach left in many places. Beach businessmen seem to have acquired rights over a large area. Here you can hire



On the beach at Tahiti Plage you can just sit and admire the scenery or ...

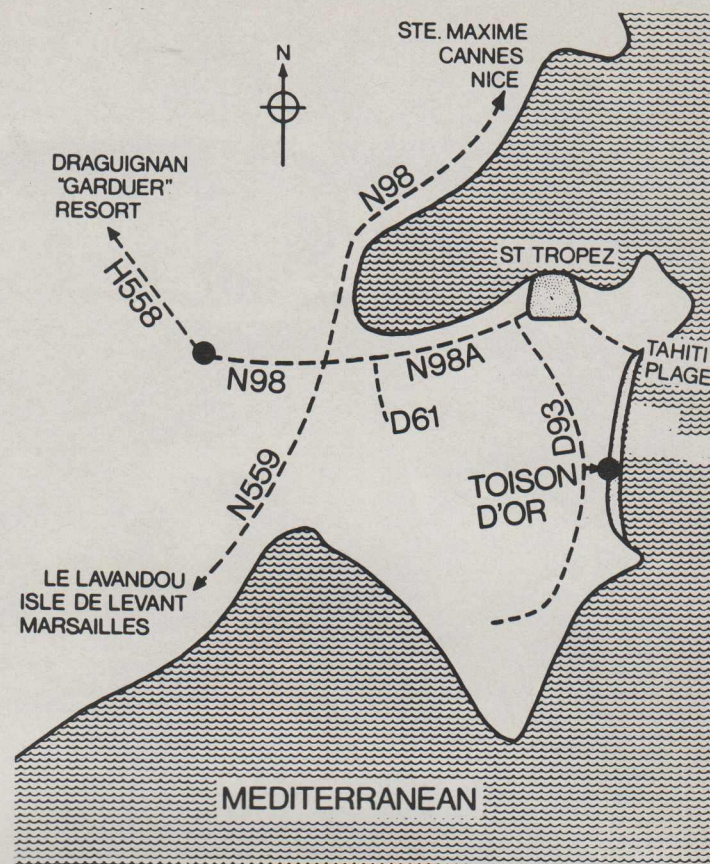


... you can sit at the Liberty Bar and watch the world passing by through rose tinted glasses or should it be vin rose?

out the comforts of beach chairs, sunshades, tables and so on. You can even stroll up to the beach side bars and enjoy a drink or two – at a price. But I'm getting ahead of myself. The first thing to do is find your way to St. Tropez. Before you arrive at the built up area of the town you will discover on your right the road marked as the D.93. This takes you over the hill and eventually you run parallel with the beach. The easiest way to reach the beach is through one of the camping/caravanning grounds. Incidentally the branch off the main approach road to St. Tropez (that is the D.93) occurs at traffic lights. The road is labelled Ramateulle. Note that you come to an earlier road also on your right and also leading to the same place. It is the D.61. Avoid it. Make sure you get the D.93.

Approaching the beach area you will come across a batch of signs. Most prominent will probably be one stating simply "Liberty". Branch off here. Incidentally this is how the beach gathered its unofficial name of Liberty Plage.

What is the place like? Well, quite simply it is marvellous. In the height of the season it will be too crowded, especially in front of the caravan and camping areas. The further south you walk the fewer the people. But the water is the



same everywhere. In mid summer almost warm. Great for swimming. It's a colourful place too. Motorboats and yachts out in the water and every size, shape and kind of

human along the sandy shore.

Strangely enough, in the camps behind the beaches it is rare to see nudity. Topless yes, but nudity is reserved for the beaches. You have plenty of room. If you find it crowded in front of the camp sites, then walk along the beach to a less popular spot. But always take something with you. At least you should carry a towel in case a quick cover up becomes necessary. For although it is almost impossible that you will need it, be prepared. In addition a towel is much more comfortable to lie on than gritty sand, no matter how warm.

It is a free beach to end all free beaches. You can if you wish wear a neck to knee bathing costume. Or you can follow the fashion of the day on most south coast beaches along the Mediterranean and go topless. And should you wish you can cast all aside and go nude. But even today a certain discretion is advisable. Don't expect to sit nude at one of the beach side bars. The owner will probably object. Not because he is a prude, but simply because he is convinced it is still against the law. And he is probably right. It's just that the custom of the place has now made it extremely unlikely that you will even see a policeman let alone have any trouble with the law.



Pampelonne is one free beach which has been in the business long enough to have developed its own amenities. You can drink and dine and sometimes even dance!



WHY WITCHES GO NAKED

Long before man worshipped images or wore cassocks, he revered the human form. Woman, in particular, was magical. To the primitive mind of man, 27,000 years ago, there was no greater miracle than a woman giving birth and increasing the strength of the tribe.

At that time he had no idea of the part he played himself in procreation. His first Gods were women. Primitive carvings from Europe and the Aegean islands are all of rotund, fecund, pregnant, naked women.

So it is not surprising that witchcraft, dedicated to life and fertility, still involves naked rites.

Many modern witches (or practitioners of Wicca, the Old Religion) put forward pseudo-scientific reasons for their love of nudity. They claim they can harness and manipulate the natural power that is all around them. Clothes would insulate them from this power just as surely as rubber insulates against electricity.

They have other reasons for nudity too — remarkably similar to those quoted by ardent naturists. Nudity is a great social leveller and it conceals identity. The naked body indicates intention with greater truth and sincerity than does language. When everyone is naked, communication becomes more intense.

The witches' love of nudity does not conceal sexual licence. On the contrary, as part of the life-force, the sexual urge is naturally enjoyed, honoured and respected.

This reverence is apparent in the age-old rituals. All meetings of the coven (a group of thirteen witches) start with the high priest kneeling before the high priestess. He kisses her feet and calls on "The Great Mother of Old, also called among men Artemis, Diana, Aphrodite, Arianrod and many other names."

In an initiation ceremony, the newcomer must stand naked, and bound with a cord. A priest of the opposite sex holds a sword against his or her breast while the oath of allegiance is taken. Then the initiate is given the fivefold kiss — on feet, knees, phallus



International journalist and author of seven books, June Johns, together with her husband, photographer Jack Smith, spent over a year investigating Witchcraft in Britain. They were admitted to secret ceremonies seldom witnessed by non-witches. June's book, 'King of the Witches,' was published in both hard and paperback in Britain and America, where it became a book club choice. It is now being published in Germany.

(or pelvis), breast and lips.

He or she is then untied. The cord is known as the new witches "measure". Some covens will keep the measured cord and use it to make spells against the new witch should he or she disobey the rules. More often, the initiate is given the cord as a sign of trust.

In this first initiation ceremony, sexual love is symbolised by the athame (the witch's black-handled knife which is used for making spells) being thrust into the ritual chalice. But in the third and final initiation, when two witches of the opposite sex may be initiated together, they actually make love.

Some covens still have the two metre square altar where the veiled lady witch lies, arms and legs outstretched in the pentacle, or five-pointed star position. The five points represent earth, air, fire, water and the power which rules them all.

The rest of the coven is dismissed. The high priest remains. He tells the male witch to remove the woman's veil and give her the fivefold kiss on her naked body. The high priest turns his back while the couple make love, which binds them to the coven for ever.

Although newcomers may be embarrassed at first, witches are happy in their nude state after their first coven meeting. They are too busy with their intricate spells and incantations to look upon their fellow witches with more than a passing interest.

Many of the 3,000 witches in Britain (there must be many thousands more all over Europe) find difficulty practising their religion out of doors. In suburbia, neighbours lay charges of "Indecency". On private land, trespassers are evicted. Some of the covens we met solved their difficulties by holding nude rites indoors and wearing robes when rituals demanded such things as bonfires outdoors.

Others had found remote areas of woods or moorland. Often they would spend upwards of three hours performing the full moon rites in the depth of January, wearing only



Witches take their nudity into the night, and if this picture is anything to go by the fellows outnumber the girls — just as in naturism.

a necklace. A sure guarantee of goose pimples or even frost-bite, you might think.

Yet the members of those covens able to practise naked out of doors in all weathers have a magnificent health record. They have fewer colds, less rheumatism (many witches are over 60) and more stamina than witches who work indoors. They also claim stronger magic.

In the summer many witches suffer terribly from all-over gnat-bites. They use their own salve for these, the same salve once supposed to make witches invisible to their enemies. It is akin to wintergreen and possibly stimulates a sluggish circulation.

A prominent high priest, now in his 50's, and a witch most of his life, says he owes his excellent health and physique to his adherence to witch laws.

"Being at one with the rest of nature, in mind and body, is the basic law of life," he explained. "When non-believers accuse us of having orgies because we go naked, we wonder how they can snigger at dressed up animals, and yet gasp at the sight of natural undressed human bodies. Humans have developed more than other living creatures, but we forget our origins at our



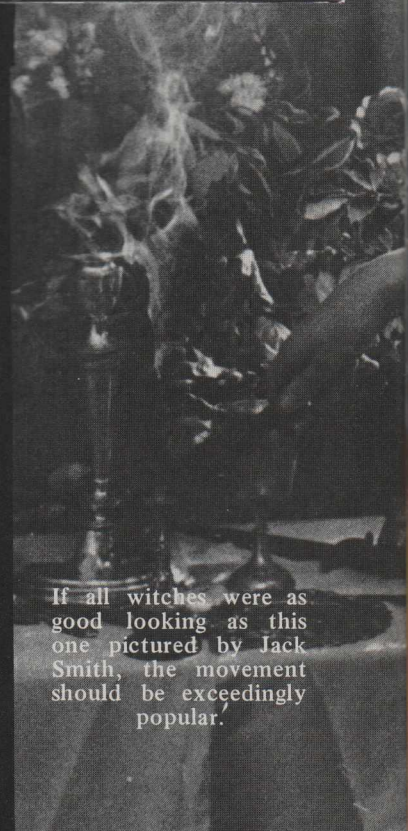
Except for the towel, this could be a bunch of innocent naturists enjoying afternoon tea on the lawn — except that the tea set looks a little odd.



More nocturnal nudities. If naturists learned the mysteries, could they drum up the sun whenever required?



The above picture is a still from the film "Legend of the witches".



If all witches were as good looking as this one pictured by Jack Smith, the movement should be exceedingly popular.

peril. If it is immoral for witches to worship naked, it is certainly immoral to deck oneself up to go to Church!"

Of course the witches' love of nudity attracts the curious, and witches are well aware of it. However, those with no serious interest in witchcraft are soon put off by what they have to undergo to gain entrance to a coven. It is no mean task to learn all the basic chants and spells — especially as much of them are in Ancient Runic! The average time between seeking and attaining initiation is six months.

Anyone who has attended coven meetings can bear witness that neither blasphemy nor indecency takes place. As for the Black Mass which is said to be the main ritual, the facts have been distorted.

In the Middle Ages, and during the Spanish Inquisition, Christians condemned witches as heretics and accused them of performing all manner of miracles such as turning people into animals and changing base metals into gold. At the time people believed the earth was flat and eminent royal physicians claimed the only cure



Greta Saffill ain't no witch, but we like to think a real witch might look like this when about to take off — if she could only find the broom stick.

for toothache was to spit in a toad's mouth and instruct it to hop away with the pain! It's no wonder people believed the stories about witchcraft.

Christian leaders also said that witches made pacts with the Devil, exchanging their immortal souls for the ability to work miracles. Christians described quite awful imaginary ceremonies that certain people were glad to copy — witness the Hellfire Club. Young noblemen of the eighteenth century got together in a basement to practice "Black Magic" and "Satanism". Their anti-Christ atrocities involved cruelty, murder and the desecration of churches.

All this is the opposite of witchcraft. "We consider all life to be sacred," said the high priestess of a coven. "If we need to use a life-force other than our own, we use new-laid fertile eggs."

The genuine witches "mass" is nothing more than a cakes-and-ale (or wine) party held at the end of each coven meeting. Witches need refreshment for their journey home. The members pool their offerings, which are shared by everyone within the magic circle.

The atmosphere is exactly like a church tea-party — except the worshippers are naked!

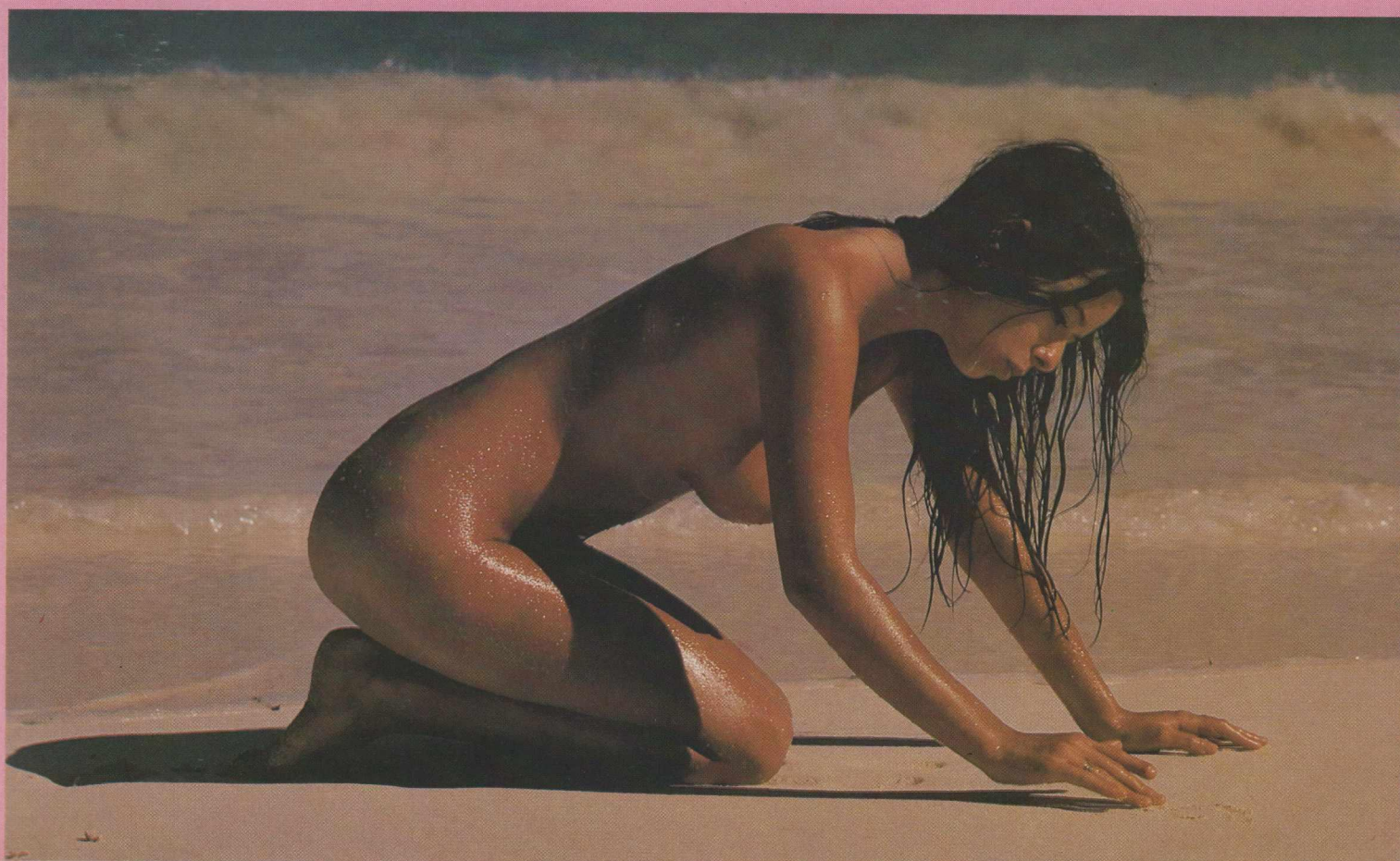


Secrets of a Happy Marriage

We've often criticised for for having model girls on our pages. Some naturists seem to think it's impossible to be a naturist and make a living through modelling at the same time. But our Hazel, in these pictures, is a happily married woman. And what makes her happy is her husband taking photographs of her. They do it as often as possible—take photos that is. Don't take any notice of what Hazel says they do. After all, this is a respectable magazine!

My man and I are very lucky because we have the same attitudes towards life. Take work, for example. We both like money, but are not fanatical about it. It wouldn't matter to us if we never had a penny. So we both work at what we like doing and stop when we feel like stopping.

Some things are more important to us than making money. Most people are bent over their work every afternoon. They work two days for the mortgage, two for the bank, one for the H.P. and perhaps only an hour for themselves. We've got no time for work when it stops being





fun. So in the afternoons we make love!

Although love and sex are the everlasting themes of our magazines, films and books, including quite serious books, it's still thought to be vaguely wicked and decadent to neglect the house and garden and forego the overtime so that you can be in bed with your partner.

After all, go the arguments, the Romans were decadent and spent all their time at orgies and that's why they lost their empire. No one ever seems to think that economic forces may have toppled the Romans. Anyway, it was only the upper classes having orgies because the peasants had to work!

Recent experiments have found out that a man's sex-drive is at its strongest first thing in the morning — when he has to jump out of bed and rush to the office! No wonder business men suffer from ulcers and heart attacks!

My husband's a photographer and I'm a model. Yes, we're in the same business. When I come home and say how exhausting it is working for a photographer who's a perfectionist my husband understands — and is not so hard on his models next time. When he comes home complaining about a model who turned up late, who said she was a nudist but had no tan, who wore tight-fitting clothes that left marks round her



body, I think about the time I too, wore a bra and then missed the train!

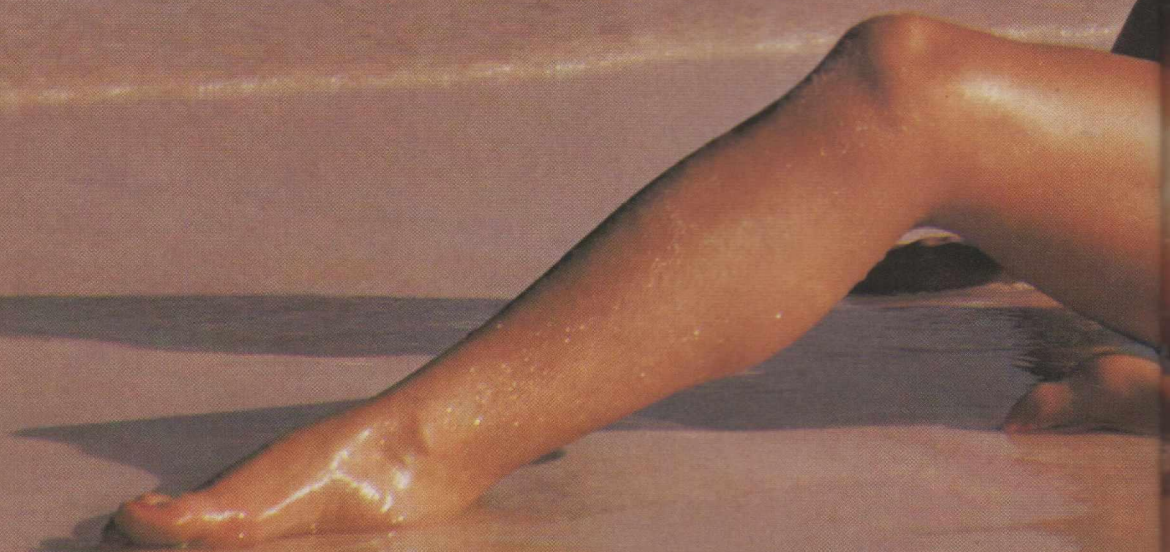
We both have the same attitude to nudity and the body. We never have arguments about it. Obviously if I was going to be a model it would be a naturist one, how could I be anything else? It was my way of life. My husband is never jealous and I never care if he's off photographing other girls. Sometimes I even go along to give him a hand with the equipment — much to the surprise of new models who are convinced they're being lured into sin!

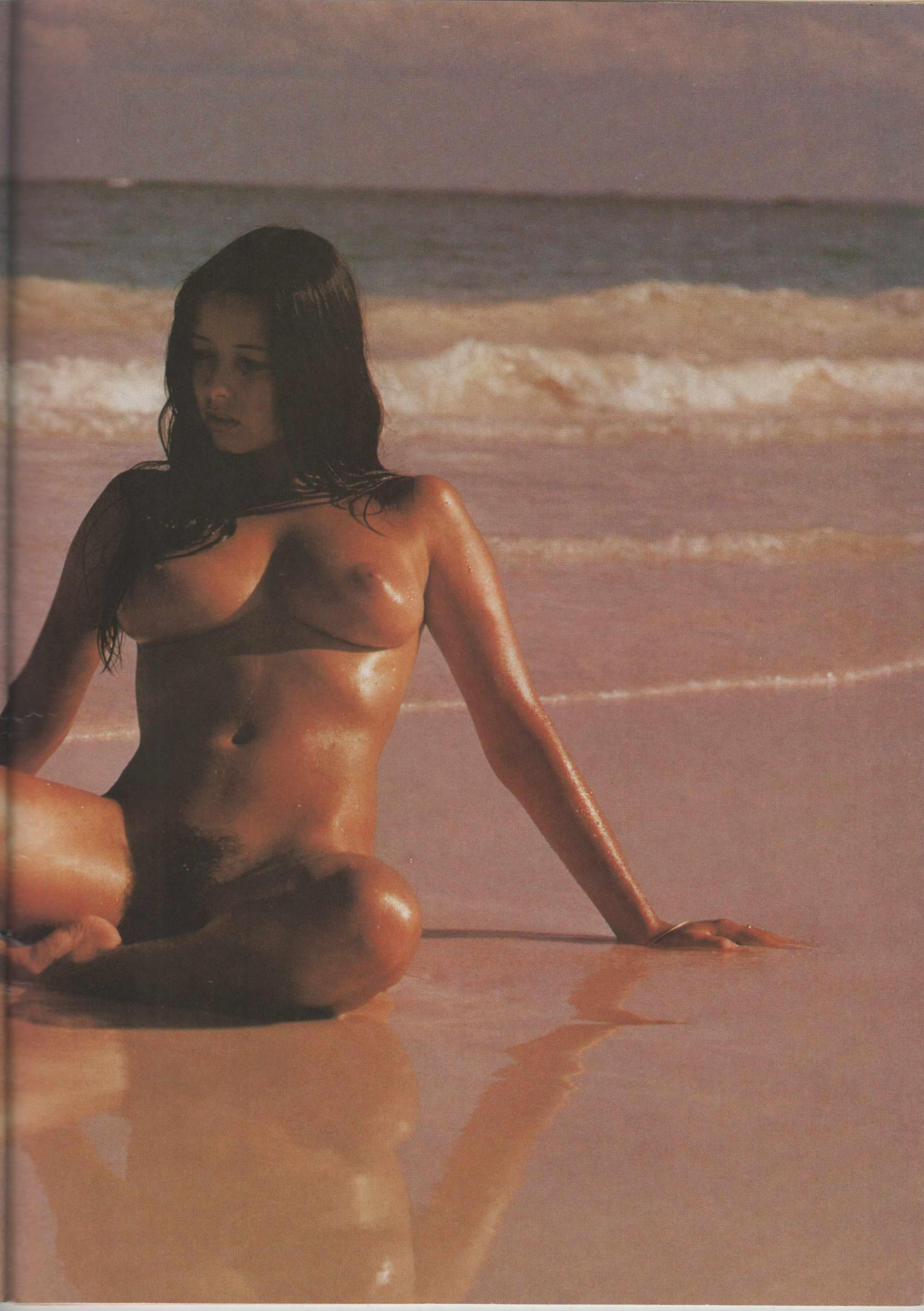
My husband knows my body better than anyone. That's why he often photographs me. He watches me closely as I go about my daily life and makes a note of the positions he likes me best in.

He gets other assignments too, mostly travel. He insists to his agency that I go with him as an assistant. As soon as work's over we sneak off to a deserted beach. There we sunbathe, take photographs and — do what comes naturally!

That's our recipe for a happy marriage. Do what you like doing, instead of tying yourselves down to miserable jobs to pay the mortgage; make sure you have ideas and attitudes similar to each other; spend as much time as you can together; relax and enjoy life!







CLUB DIRECTORY

AUSTRALIA

International Organisation: Australian Nudist Federation, P.O. Box 298, Bendigo, Victoria 3550, S.A.

BELGIUM

National Organisation: Federation Belge de Naturisme, St. Thomasstraat 24, B-2000 Antwerpen.

De Spar, Volhardingstraat 67, B-2020 Antwerpen.

Helios, P.O. Box 1185, B-1000 Bruxelles.

Phoebus, Rue de la Paix 44, Vredestraat 44, B-1050 Bruxelles.

Club Belvedere, B.P. 15, B-4000 Liege or 33 rue Reine Elisabeth, B-4547 Haccourt.

Le Perron, P.O. Box 169, B-4000 Liege.

Heidegouw, P.O. Box 13, B-3500 Hasselt.

Gravensteen, P.O. Box 245, B-9000 Gent.

In Luxembourg: Plein-Ciel, c/o Raoul Jouan, rue de la Cite 40, B-4410 Vottem.

BRITAIN

National Organisation: Central Council for British Naturism (CCBN), Sheepcote, Orpington, Kent BR5 4ET. Orpington 44689 or 33390.

CLUBS (CCBN members)

Adventurers Sun Club, c/o J. D. Ayto, 110 Birling Road, Snodland, Maidstone, Kent.

Appollo Sun Club, c/o 6 Stoke Manor Close, Seaford, East Sussex BN25 3RE.

The Arcadians, Greenglades, Blind Lane, Billericay, Essex.

Aztecs Recreational and Sun Club, Aztec Sun Park, Crawley, West Sussex.

Bexley Sun Society. Meets in CCBN grounds.

Blackthorns Sun Club, c/o Ian Slater, 47 Rosamund Road, Bedford.

Bournemouth and District Outdoor Club and Holiday Centre, Matchams Drive, Matchams, Ringwood, Hants.

Brighton Sun Club, Hamshaw, Sloop Lane, Scaynes Hill, Haywards Heath, West Sussex.

Bristol Solarians, Tara, Mapleridge Road, Chipping Sodbury, Bristol.

Broadland Sun Association Ltd., Brickle Road, Upper Stoke Holy Cross, Norwich.

Bromley Sun Society. Meets in CCBN grounds.

Croydon Sun Society. Meets in CCBN grounds.

Gardenia Sun Club, Lye Lane, Bricket Wood, St. Albans, Herts.

Greenacres Club, Cornsay, Durham.

Hastings Sun Club, Hides, Westfield, Hastings, East Sussex.

Invicta Sun Club, The Firs, Forge Lane, Sutton, Dover, Kent.

Lancashire Sun Society, Hazel Grove, Sandy Lane, Rufford, Ormskirk, Lancs.

Larches Sun Club, c/o 13 Holway Avenue, Taunton, Somerset.

Leicester Sun Group, c/o 8 Redruth Close, Coventry.

Liverpool Sun and Air Society, c/o Lillian White, 43 Lyttleton Road, Aigburth, Liverpool L17 0AT.

London Health and Sauna Club, c/o Suite 41, Kent House, 87 Regent Street, London W1R 7HF.

Manchester Sun and Air Society, c/o 18 Geneva Drive, Newcastle-under-Lyme, Staffordshire.

New Forest Outdoor Club, North Lodge, Hurn Road, Ringwood, Hants.

Noah's Ark Sun Club, Freepost, Chertsey, Surrey KT16 8BR.

North London Sun Society. Meets in CCBN grounds.

Novasun Vagari Wood, c/o 27 Tower Hill, Cove, Farnborough, Hants.

Pendle Sun Club, c/o Keith Mackley, 17 Raynham Crescent, Blackhill, Keighley, West Yorks.

Ribble Valley Sun Club, Briarwood, Ribchester Road, Clayton-le-Dale, Blackburn, Lancs.

Sheplegh Court Nudist Hotel, Blackawton, Totnes, Devon.

South Hants Sun Society, Stockers, North Boarhunt, Fareham, Hants.

South London Sun Society. Meets in CCBN grounds.

We publish this directory to give you some idea of naturism throughout the world. But details of every small club or beach would fill the entire magazine! So please take this as a general guide and write to the National Organisations of the countries concerned for further details.

South Yorkshire Sun Club, c/o K. Woolley, 10 Grove Hill Road, Doncaster, South Yorkshire.

Springwood Sun Club, Cooks Hall Road, West Berholt, Colchester, Essex.

Surrey Downs Sun Club, c/o Edgeley Caravan Park, Farley Green, Albury, Guildford, Surrey.

Valerian Sun Club, c/o 'Lingwood,' 33 Atherley Road, Shanklin, I.O.W.

White Rose Club, Flaxton, York.

Wrekin View Nudist Club, Crin Cottage, Kenston, Market Drayton, Salop.

OTHER CLUBS

Chester Nudist Club, c/o 31 Market Street, Hoylake, Wirral, Merseyside.

Eureka Club, Mark Wilson, 50 Marling Way, Gravesend, Kent.

Fiveacres Country Club, Bricket Wood, St. Albans.

North Devon Club, Beaworthy, Devonshire.

The Old Smithy, Penyfeidr, Llandeloy, Haverfordwest, Pembrokeshire.

Spielplatz, Lye Lane, Bricket Wood, St. Albans.

Torbay Sun Club, Avian Nook, 7 Wellesley Road, Torquay, Devon.

CANADA

National Organisation: The Western Canadian Sunbathing Association, P.O. Box 1113, Calgary, Alberta T2P 2K9.

The following has asked to be included: Ottawa Free Beaches, P.O. Box 753, Stn B, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada K1P 5P8. Tel. 1-613-2369210.

DENMARK

National Organisation: Dansk Nudist Union (DNU), c/o Jonha Sulsbrück, Lundtofteparken 37 st. tv., DK-2800 Lyngby.

FRANCE

National Organisation: Federation Francaise de Naturisme (FFN), 4 Avenue du Coq, 75009 Paris.

There are so many clubs in France (details from the above) that we are just listing the nudist holiday centres.

Koad-ar-Roche, 56820 Neant-sur-Yvel.

La Herpinierie, 49730 Montsoreau.

Creuse Nature, Le Cheix, 23600 Bousac-Bourg.

Centre Helio-Marin, 33930 Montalivet.

Camp Nudiste de Grayan, Euronat. Grayan l'Hopital 33590.

Club Quercy-Agenais Nudiste, Rene Point, La Tuque, Belaye, 56140 Luzech.

Centre Nudiste de Devese, Bernard Lautier, 32380 St. Clar.

Centre Nudiste de Montagne, 'Les Clapiers,' 05100 Briançon.

Alpes et Soleil, 38650 Sinard.

Domaine Nudiste International 'La Romegas,' Mme Schillemans, 26170 Buis-les-Baronnies.

Le Haut Chandelalar, Y. and P. Boisgontier, 06850 Brianconnet, St. Auban.

Club du Soleil de Nice-Levens, La Gorghetta, 06720 Levens.

Centre de Vacances de la Hayte-Garduiere, 83830 Callas.

Domaine Nudiste de Belezay, 84410 Bedoin.

Plage des Templiers, M. Jacques Guerrier, B.P. 22 Saint Ferreol, 07700 Bourg-Saint-Andeol.

Relais de la Conche, Claude et Jeannine Benetot, Saint Montan, 07220 Viviers.

Le Ran du Chabrier, Mme Metge, B.P. no. 1, 30430 Barjac.

Ran du Chateau de Ferreyrolles, 7 rue de la Republique, 30100 Ales.

La Genese, Mejanne-le-Clap, 30710 Saint-Jean-de-Maruejols.

Les Bois de la Sabliere, St. Privat-de-Champelos, 30430 Barjac.

Centre Helio-Marin, 34300 Agde.

Gymno-club Mediterranee, Serignan Nature, 34410 Serignan.

Village du Bosc, Octon, 34800 Clermont-l'Herault.

Camping Saint Pierre, 34150 Gignac.

Centre Helio-Marin, 'La Grande Cosse,' Cabanes de Fleury, 11560 Fleury d'Aude.

Village Ulysse, Port Leucate, 11370.

Village Aphrodite, Port Leucate 11370.

Le Clapotis, 11480 La Palme.

Club du Soleil de Perpignan, Dominique Martinez, 'Le Ventous,' 66150 Arles-sur-Tech.

Village Nudiste de Serralongue, 66230 Prats-de-Mollo.

IN CORSICA:

Camping Nudiste de Villata, M. Agostini, 20216 Sainte-Lucie de Porto-Vecchio.

Corsicana, Linguizzetta, 20230 San Nicolao.

Tropica, Chiatura, 20230 San Nicolao.

La Chiappa, 20210 Porto-Vecchio.

La Bagheera, Anga Filippi, La Bagheera, La Guistiniana, 20230 San Nicolao Pietra-Di-Verde.

Le Moulin, 20210 Porto-Vecchio.

GERMANY

National Organisation: Deutscher Verband für Freikörperkultur e.V. (DFK), Königstrasse 22, D-3000 Hannover 1.

We have listed only the larger sites—with room for 100 or more tents/caravans. For further details please write to the DFK, as above.

CLUBS

Familienferienzeltplatz Amrum, 2278 Wittün/Amrum.

Strand Camping Wallnau, 2000 Hamburg 63, Overn Barg 19.

Liga für freie Lebensgestaltung e.V. (DFK), 23 Kiel 1, Postfach 3112.

Eurocamping Zedano, Reinhold Reshöft, 2435 Dahme Nord.

Bund für naturnahe Lebensgestaltung Bremen e.V. (DFK), 2800 Bremen 1, Postfach 106845.

Naturistenbund Wilhelmshaven-Friesland e.V. (DFK), D-2940 Wilhelmshaven 1, Postfach 907.

Sun, Lüneburger Heide e.V. (DFK), D-2120 Lüneburg, Postfach 2641.

Bund für freie Lebensgestaltung e.V. Hannover (DFK), D-3000 Hannover, Yorkstrasse 7.

Bund für freie Lebensgestaltung e.V. (DFK), 33 Braunschweig, Postfach 1812.

Bund für freie Lebensgestaltung Hildesheim e.V. (DFK), D-3200 Hildesheim, Postfach 492.

Liga für freie Lebensgestaltung e.V. (DFK), D-4800 Bielefeld 1, Postfach 5501.

Naturistenbund Rheidt e.V. (DFK), Zedernstrasse 19, D-4050 Mönchengladbach.

Orplid. Bund für Freikörperkultur und Familiensport e.V. Darmstadt (DFK), D-6100 Darmstadt-Arheilgen, Weiterstädter Strasse 150, Postfach 110861.

Naturistenbund Trier e.V. (DFK), Christophstrasse 7, D-5500 Trier.

Lichtbund Saar e.V. Saarbrücken (DFK), Postfach 973, D-6600 Saarbrücken.

FKK-Familiensportbund Heilbronn e.V. (DFK), 71 Heilbronn Böckingen, Postfach 51.

Lichtbund Karlsruhe e.V. (DFK), D-7500 Karlsruhe 1, Postfach 4103.

Natursportbund Schwäbischer Wald e.V. (DFK), D-7157 Murrhardt-Kirchenkirchberg-Feriengelande Schönrain.

Bund für freie Lebensgestaltung Stuttgart e.V. (DFK), D-7000 Stuttgart 1, Postfach 66.

Bfl Sonndal e.V. (DFK), 78 Freiburg, Dreikönigstrasse 1.

Drei-Länder-Eck, Postfach 105, D-7808 Waldkirch.

Verein der Saunafreunde e.V. (DFK), D-1000 Berlin 19, Rognitzstrasse 8.

HOLLAND

National Organisation: Nederlandse Federatie van Naturistenverenigingen (NFN), Postbus 564, 25021 CN Den Haag.

IRELAND

There is a nudist group in Belfast, Northern Ireland, and another in Dublin, Irish Republic. For details write to Irish Nudist Association, P.O. Box 1077, Churchtown, Dublin 14.

ITALY

Two National Associations in Italy. They are:

Associazione Naturista Italiana (ANITA), Via N. Bixio, 32, I-20129 Milano.

Unione Naturisti Italiani (UNI), Castella Postale 185, I-10100 Torino.

NORWAY

National Organisation: Norsk Nudist Forbund (NNF), Box 194, N-1322 Høvik.

PORTUGAL

National Organisation: Federacao Portuguesa de Naturismo, Praca de Sao Bento 31, Lisboa 2.

SPAIN

National Organisation: Federacion Espanola de Naturismo, Castel del Rey 99, Apartado 301, Almeria.

SWEDEN

National Organisation: Sveriges Nudist Förbund (SNF), Box 4279, S-20314.

U.S.A.

Two National Organisations: American Sunbathing Association, Inc., 810 North Mills Avenue, Orlando/Florida 32803. Tel. (305) 896-8141. National Nudist Council, R.B.2 Tippecanoe, Ohio 44699, U.S.A.

FREE BEACHES OF EUROPE

For detailed information write to: Phil Vallack, 37 West End, March, Cambridgeshire PE15 8DN.

FREE PUBLICITY

We are prepared to give your club an illustrated feature in this magazine provided you have reasonable grounds and some facilities to offer future members and/or visitors.

But we do want to photograph your grounds with some members present. We feel that ideally, young couples, perhaps with children, give the best picture of club life.

If you are interested, write now to the Editor, Health and Efficiency, 23/24 Smithfield Street, London E.C.1.



NEWS

ROUNDAABOUT

Internaturists Bureau

This is being started by an ardent naturist from Yorkshire, Peter Oxley.

The aims of the Bureau are: to set up a research centre, to keep a contemporary nudist diary, to issue a regular bulletin of what's going on throughout the world, to provide an information service for naturists and also a naturist contact service.

Peter already has a world-wide cutting service at his disposal, and subscribes himself to several naturist publications in various languages. Since Christmas he has been snowed under by mail from naturists wishing to contact others.

The address? Internaturists Bureau, Peter Oxley, 15 Southlands Road, York, YO2 1NG. Tel. 0904 33872.

New Site in Spain

Two hundred bungalows are being built at Estepona, each one on its own little hillock facing the sea. Most will be completed by early 1981, when the Spanish/French developers will start on another block of 300. Estepona is miles from anywhere, so the usual site facilities are planned.

The beach is already open to naturists and well-recommended. Further details from Emsdale Travel.

Studland Bay

This beach comes under the jurisdiction of Purbeck District Council. Worried by complaints of homosexuality last year, the Council has passed a new by-law: anyone found WILFULLY exposing his person will be prosecuted. This only applies to

men as apparently women don't have 'a person' to wilfully expose! However, the Council have promised that they are trying to keep the beach true to the ideals of naturism and will not prosecute anyone they feel is a genuine sun-lover.

Off to South Africa?

Beau Valley Country Club is the only sun club in South Africa, but they welcome new and foreign visitors. So if ever you're at Johannesburg airport, give them a ring and they'll come out and pick you up. The number is 015332 1711.

Other Councils Please Note!

The patient, untiring art college model has been rewarded in Norfolk. The education authorities want to recruit models 'of the right calibre,' and so they have given their models a 32% pay rise.

Seeing that models can earn up to £10 an hour for posing privately, we think it's grand that the art school model—for some students their first sight of the naked body—has at last been rewarded for his or her service to aspiring artists.

Book Reviews

It's not often we do book reviews because not many books about naturism are published, but this month two have landed on the editorial desk.

Phil Vallack's now famous book, 'Free Sun,' is now into its second edition, updated from the first published two years ago. It's available from 'Free Sun Books,' 37 West End, March, Cam-

bridgeshire PE15 8DN, or else you can pop into Foyle's Bookshop, London, and buy a copy. Price? £5.

Phil lists all the beaches, either officially designated as naturist or just become so through common usage, throughout Europe. However, it's a shame he can't possibly visit every beach himself; he's obliged to rely on the reports of a vast army of naturists who holiday in Europe. Sometimes the maps and instructions are not as clear

as they could be. The book is, however, useful as a guide.

Published in French and German only, is 'L'Officiel du Littoral Nudiste,' a guide to the French coast only. The information is accurate, the maps clear and the books contains several articles of immediate interest, such as 'Nudists and the Law.' English people would certainly be able to locate the beaches with the aid of the simplest French dictionary and an ordinary road map.



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PHOTO CLUB

Our competitions are open to all readers. There are three categories where the prizes are: First £12, Second £8 and Third £5. They are **Female Beauty**, **Group Pictures** and **Men**. In addition there is a **Special Class** to cover any other Nudist subject. You must put your name and address on the back of every print or attached to the cover of your colour slide. Also, we must have your assurance that the subject agrees to publication. Note that we can now use your colour prints as well as transparencies. If you want your pictures returned you should include postage or international postage coupons.

More and more amateurs are turning to colour. The old black and white film is selling less and less. In many ways this is unfortunate because black and white does have a certain dramatic impact that colour finds hard to match.

The trouble with colour is simply that there is too much of it. Black and white reduces the variety and allows the photographer to put over his message loud and clear without the disturbance of one colour fighting another.

In black and white work all colours are rendered as different tones ranging from white to black. But unfortunately the film does not see all colours equally. It is effectively colour blind. But one can greatly overcome the limitations by the use of filters. It is a great pity that the use of filters seems to have lost popularity in recent years.

Before the war many photographers of the nude went out of their way to improve their pictures by using filters. How did they do it?

The most popular filter for black and white work is undoubtedly the yellow or light yellow. The deeper the colour the greater the effect. The main advantage of this filter is that it darkens a blue sky, making it look more real than the flat white which results if you don't use a filter.

It has the added advantage that should there be any clouds in the sky, they will be clearly defined — especially if they are of the white cumulus type.

Now you see what an advantage this can be. Imagine your model is to be photographed standing on a sand dune with the sky behind her. Without a filter the sky would almost certainly appear a pure white on the print. Now if your model has a white, untanned skin, you might find it difficult to tell where the model stopped and the sky began! But if you have a blue sky and a yellow filter on your lens then of course the model will stand out clearly against a darkened sky. If perchance you have a few clouds in the sky as well, the picture will look infinitely better than the one

FILTERS FOR FUN

This month Murray James suggests you can improve your photography by the use of filters. But not all filters are kind to skin tones. How and when to use them is an art in itself.



This picture, taken at Agde, shows the effect of a light yellow filter. The German visitor appears better with the clouds and darker sky to set off her body.

without a filter.

Yet it is surprising how few photographers bother with that all important filter. So much for the yellow filter. What others are there? To deepen the sky even more you can use a deep yellow, orange or even a red filter. Each gives a darker tone to a blue sky background.

The red filter used with the normal black and white film will as likely as not make the sky quite black. Clouds are then dramatically rendered.

But, and it is a big but, the red filter may do strange things to the skin tones of your model. If she is very brown the effect will hardly register on

the skin but a dark skin against a dark sky is just as bad as a light skin against a light sky which we mentioned earlier. If the model has a light skin, it will appear very much whiter in the picture than in reality. And no one wants to look chalky white. And apart from that the very whiteness of the skin makes any modelling almost impossible. So avoid the orange and red filters. Probably the best all round filter is the light yellow.

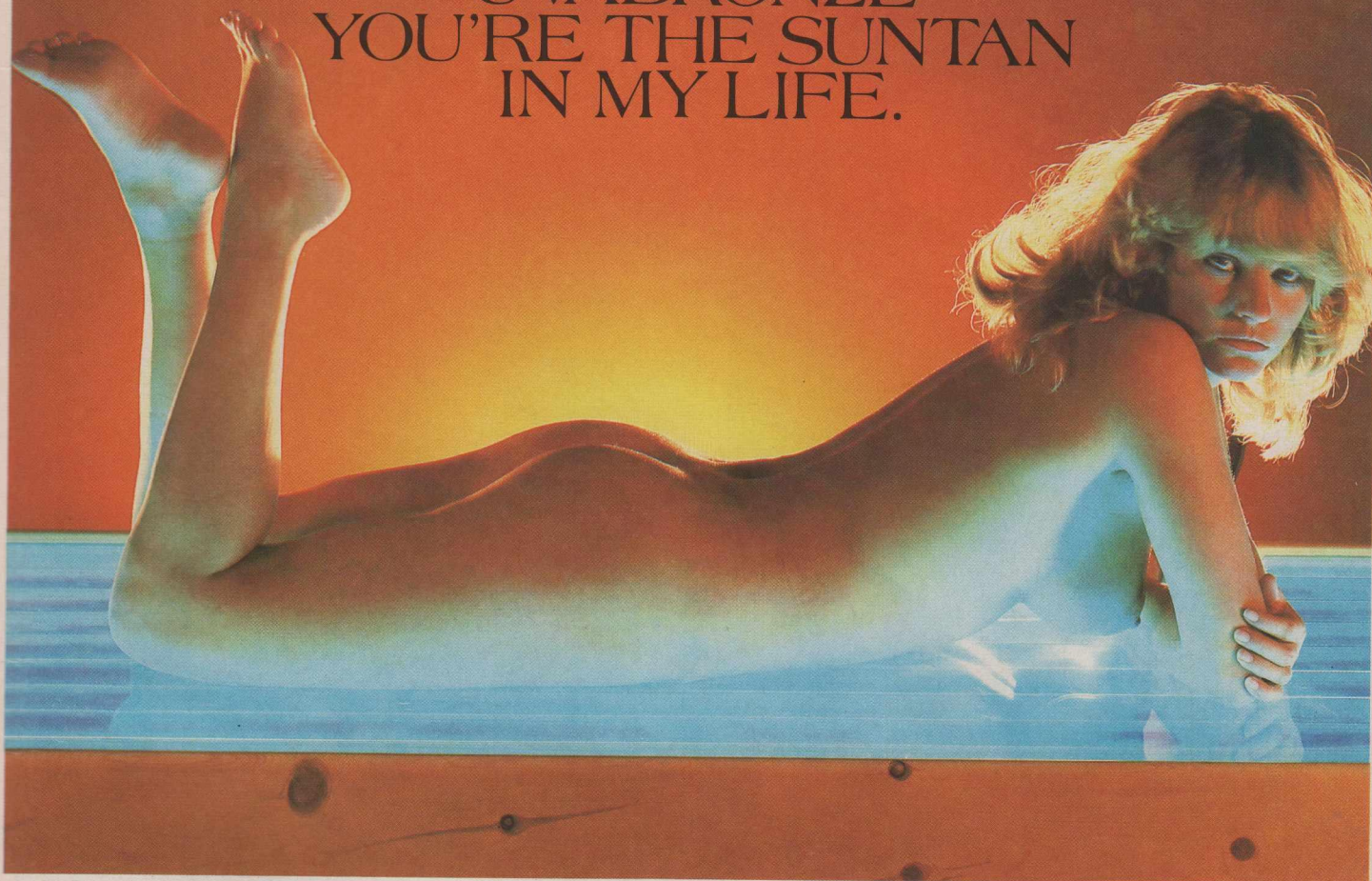
Using any filter cuts down the light arriving on the film so you have to allow for this. A light yellow filter usually needs about double the exposure you would normally give and an orange or red may require four times or more the normal exposure. Usually the amount of extra exposure required is given in the manufacturers literature. If it isn't or you have a filter with an unknown factor, then all you can do is experiment. Cameras with automatic exposure look after themselves.

Some photographers keep a filter on the lens of their camera all the time. Then it acts as protection for your precious lens. Obviously if you give your camera a knock which would damage the lens and all you do is damage the filter, you have got off lightly. Often used for this purpose is the ultra violet filter. To the eye this filter looks almost colourless. Its function — the removal of the invisible ultra-violet light — is no great help in figure work, but as a lens protection it is excellent.

I haven't mentioned the green filter so far. Why should you use this? The theory is that a filter lightens colours similar to its own and darkens complementaries. Thus the green filter lightens grass and the leaves of bushes or trees. Anyone who has tried figure photography in the grounds of a garden or inland club will know how all the greenery comes out almost black in black and white photography. If you want to avoid this effect experiment with a green filter.



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Female Form



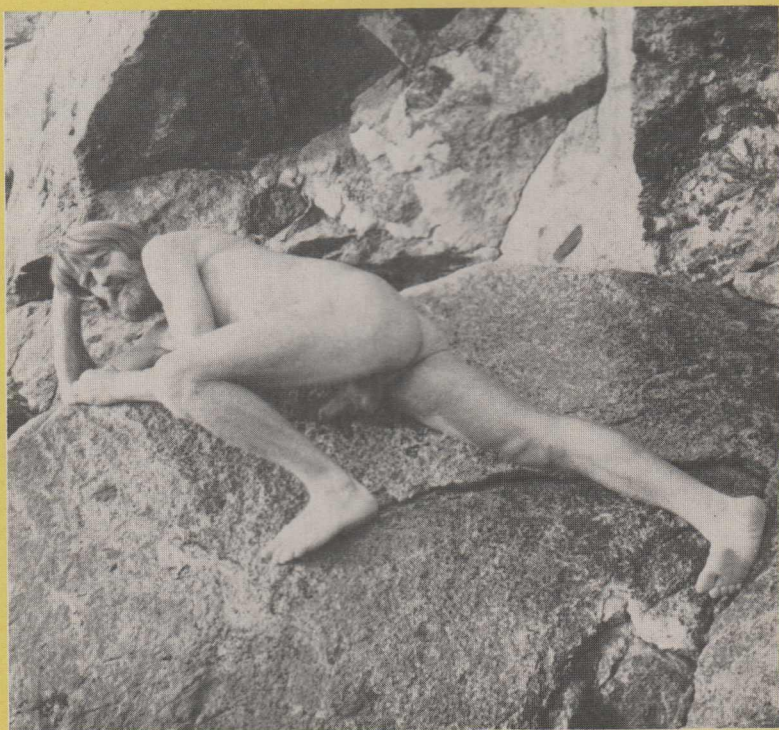
From Canada, a picture of Mrs. Marie Jones enjoying a swim on a secluded beach in the Hawaiian Islands. £12 towards the next holiday.



From West Germany this delightful shot taken, we wonder where. In the Black Forest perhaps?



And back in an English Garden, Trevor of Cambridgeshire collects another £5.



Men

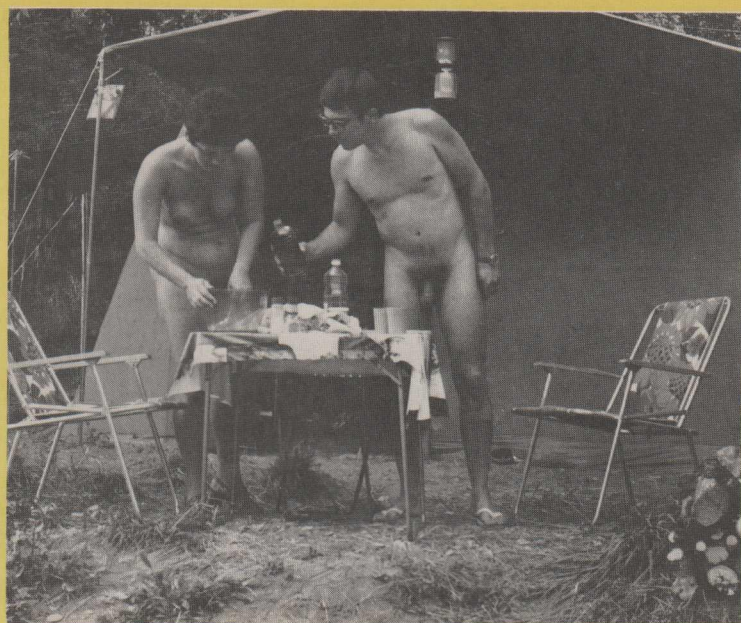
Another West German picture. Can he also be sloping through the Black Forest? Soon he's in for a surprise.

Welcome to our first winner from Norway — from Stonglandseidt no less. Maybe the £8 will buy you a coffee Mr. Madsen.

And here comes Zurich. "Baigneur nue dans la brugere landes" is the title our reader has put on the back.

Groups

FIRST BELOW is this charming study that comes to us from Ted Greaves of Bristol. Didn't he take one of our photo club outing prizes?



SECOND TOP RIGHT

Michel who lives in France sent us this charming study of camping freedom in the open air.

THIRD

BOTTOM shows a couple from Belgium in that fine old university town of Leuven. It's marvellous what the students get up to these days.



READERS' PHOTO CONTEST

Please, please put on the back of all your pictures your name and address. It breaks my heart to have to ignore some really excellent readers pictures because this rule has been forgotten. And unless the pictures are taken in a public place please get the permission of all in the picture before sending it to us for publication.

But now to our winners. In the female beauty section, I had great difficulty in deciding between the first and second place. Eventually I decided that I liked the seaside scene because of its more natural action. So £12 will soon be winging its way to Alexander Jones of British Columbia, Canada for this fine picture of his wife Marie. We would welcome more pictures from our Canadian friends.

Second and £8 is collected by a reader in Welwyn, Hertfordshire. It was taken at the Fiveacres Club, just north of London. And finally third place and £5 goes to Mr. S.

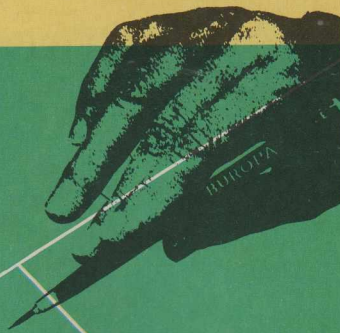
Gilbert of West Germany.

Turn now to the men. Entries in this section are poor. Come on you fellows, there is easy money here to be won. And I see from the backs of the prints that it is a clean sweep for the Continent this time. First prize to West Germany for the picture of the fellow leaning on a fir tree. Second goes to R. Madsen of Stronglandseidet, Norway, and third to A. Neglen of Zurich, Switzerland.

In groups too there is plenty of room for more entries. But please, for the time being at least, keep children out of the groups. Some of our distributors take fright at the sight of children in our magazine. First prize really picks itself. A charming study of a delightful couple. Second prize and £8 goes to a reader in France and third is picked up by a Belgium couple.

We get entries from all over the world. Only one blank spot - New Zealand. Come on you Kiwis.

Readers Letters



addressed to: 'Health & Efficiency',
23-24 SMITHFIELD STREET,
LONDON E.C.1.

Unfortunately it is impossible for us to publish all the letters we receive. Since we have to make a selection, preference will be given to those who type their letters and add their names and addresses for publication. We feel the time has come to eliminate the practice of anonymity. If you are ashamed of your naturism, why write to us?

THE DINNER-SAUNA

Dear Sir:

I would like to thank *Health and Efficiency* for publishing my letter on the virtues of indoor naturism in Vol. 80 No. 10, and I hope that it has encouraged some of your readers to expand their practice of naturism beyond free beaches or club grounds.

Recently, I enjoyed an invigorating new experience in naturism which I wish to share with your readers.

Two weeks ago, I treated my secretary to lunch on her birthday. As a sign of her appreciation, Maaret invited me to a "Finnish dinner party" at her home the following week.

Finally, the day of the dinner arrived. I had informed Susan, my date, that we were attending a dinner party and that she should dress accordingly. Little did I expect that there would be no need for such formalities as clothes.

Maaret and her Finnish

husband, Jari, warmly welcomed us into their home and introduced us to their next-door neighbours, Barb and Bill. Soon we were all treated to our hosts' Finnish hospitality.

Shortly after having downed my second glass of Finlandia vodka, I overheard Maaret ask her husband whether the sauna was ready. Susan, my date, had also overheard the question and quickly interjected, "Dave and I have to decline because we did not bring our bathing suits with us".

"You can each have a big towel or a bath robe if you wish, otherwise, we suggest you go naked", Maaret casually replied.

After Maaret had said this, Susan blushed a bright crimson. Barb and Bill did not look the least concerned. On the contrary, Barb suggested that we bring our drinks and enter the sauna as soon as possible.

Had I been without Susan, I would have merrily stripped and jumped naked into the sauna with Maaret and company. But I was very worried about Susan who is a rather prudish person who had often objected strongly to my views on nudism. In fact, the first time that I told Susan that I practised naturism, she thought that I was "a sex perverted exhibitionist". In spite of the fact that we had been very close friends since childhood I know that since that day she still considers me odd because of my naturist beliefs.

Jari, Bill and I finished our drinks while the girls went to the changing room. When they had finished undressing they went to the sauna. Then the men undressed.

As I was about to enter the sauna I thought of Susan and I quickly wrapped myself in a towel so that Susan would not feel uncomfortable being the only "textile".

To my surprise, when I entered the sauna, there was



"That's amazing, why don't you write to H & E and tell them all about it?"



Susan stretched out completely naked enjoying the sauna's steam and heat. Needless to say, I discarded my towel and took my seat beside Susan.

After forty minutes alternating between sauna and shower, the six of us dried ourselves off and returned to the living-room for more drinks and conversation. No one bothered getting dressed except for Maaret who had put on an apron as she prepared the dinner. Susan, who had totally lost her earlier inhibitions, was busy helping an equally naked Barb set the table.

A light dinner was served, after which we went back into the sauna to sweat off our newly acquired pounds.

After the sauna, I asked Maaret whether she ever had any reluctant sauna guests.



"Only first-timers. At first, like Susan, they are uneasy, but after a while they relax and discover that it isn't as dreadful as they believe. Soon they find that they enjoy themselves so much that you have difficulty persuading them to leave the sauna and get dressed".

"Maaret, it sounds like saunas and naturism have much in common for the newcomer", I said.

"I don't know, Dave", replied Maaret. "My husband and I are not club members like you, neither do we belong to any association. We do enjoy wearing nice clothes to work and when we go out, but we are more comfortable without clothes so that we often relax around the house in the nude. With our frequent use of the sauna, changing in and out of

clothes is a nuisance. So therefore, I guess you might call us nudists. But remember, you don't have to be a nudist to enjoy the sauna, otherwise all Finns would be nudists".

When I asked Maaret and her husband whether they would like to visit my naturist club with me, they said that they had no intention of becoming members but that they would not mind inspecting the club's sauna. "Sauna-less" Barb and Bill accepted my invitation and they have since put me in touch with two other families that are interested in becoming members.

Every "prudish" Susan is having second thoughts about naturism. She has dropped hints about attending Maaret's next sauna party and she has made me promise to take her to my club for a visit next

summer.

The moral of this true story is that you don't have to be a nudist to enjoy a sauna, but it certainly helps. Not only are naturism and the sauna healthy for the mind and body, but they compliment each other.

So with this in mind, I strongly recommend that those with saunas introduce their friends and relatives to naturism through the door of the family sauna room.

From one naturist to another,
Montreal,
Canada.

David Finch

A CIVILISED COUNTRY?

Dear Editor,

I was born and brought up in the Far East. My husband and I have lived now for nearly 3 years in England (He is a doctor and I am a programmer). We buy H. & E. every month and enjoy reading it very much. There is one question I have been wanting to ask somebody for a long time about H. & E.

Almost all the girls in the pictures have pubic hair. Is this normal in England? In my country it is normal for all women to remove most scrupulously the pubic hair. I notice from recent pictures in the Sunday Times that even South American Indians do it (and they are said to be backward).

England, as I have learnt in my childhood from books etc. is a very civilised clean country. I notice that underarm, leg and face hair is almost always removed and yet your pictures suggest that the pubic hair is left. Please tell me that this is not correct. Surely it must be so unhealthy?

As I have said, my husband and I enjoy very much reading H. & E. It is such a shame that so many of the nice ladies in it spoil their looks by displaying untidy pubic hair (why not at least trim it). Incidentally my nanny was an old English lady and she certainly had no hair.

Yours, Janine Leong Lavé
10 Redhatch Drive,
Reading, Berks.

P.S. What is "retouching"?
(Retouching? Never heard of it! Ed.)



"I wrote to them last year after the disco at Agde. It got them banned in Peru."

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How to Write for H&E

There's only one way to write for a naturist magazine — naturally!

The most brilliant conversationist can sit down with a pen in his hand and 'can't write a word.' He's self-conscious because he was taught at school to write 'essays' and compositions.

So try to write as you talk. Or get a tape-recorder and chatter into it as though you were telling your best friend about your experiences. Then write it down later.

We don't want to give you too many rules; we want your writing to be unstilted and to express your character. All the same, remember to keep your sentences short. Use language and grammar that everyone can understand. Don't pontificate, preach or lay down the law. If you create long and flowery phrases of which you are particularly fond, strike them out immediately!

Start at the beginning and carry on sensibly until you reach the end. Put in plenty of conversation. Let us know where you went, how you got there and what it was like. We're broad-minded at H. and E. If you found your naturist experience disagreeable, tell us about it. We may not agree, but we do enjoy a good discussion!

Have you heard about our competition? We're offering £100 first prize for the best story about a naturist holiday. Make it original and include photographs (black-and-white and colour transparencies) of yourself if possible.

We'll send your manuscript and photos back if you want them, but we do reserve the right to publish any runners-up. These will receive our

standard publication fee of £35. The closing date is 1st October, 1980. You can write in any language and if you feel you need help, write to our editor for a copy of his 'Notes for the Guidance of Authors'. His address is 3 Hallgate, Blackheath Park, London SE3 9SG.

Readers' Photo Competition

You can win yourself money by entering our Readers' Photo Contest. Every month we have four sections—Men, Women, Groups and a Special Section for anything (drawings and paintings as well as photographs). Each section carries prizes of £12. £8 and £5. Remember, we are now using your colour prints as well as transparencies or slides.

H. & E. Naturist Leisure Group

Why don't you join our Camera Club? We run many outdoor sessions and provide the girls for you to photograph. On top, we run an annual contest. This year there are 18 prizes to be won for pictures taken at our outdoor sessions. Total prize money £150. Many of the girls pictured in the magazine have been our models. Contact Peter Walker, 19 Croft Way, Sevenoaks, Kent, for details. SAE please.

For Sale: Recognition T-Shirts

Your red T-Shirt with white H. & E. logo, etc., signals you're friendly with free beach buffs. £3.99 from 3 Hallgate, London SE3 9SG. Small, medium and large size. Allow 28 days for delivery.

HALEN: HERE WE COME

Dear Editors,

Compliments first to your periodical! Living close to Berne and being nudist (unorganised), artist and writer, having a nice house and garden not far from the auto-route leading (for English and Northern people) to southern France, I risk the following offer: Nudist singles (male & female), or families or groups (up to 4 persons) may find in my house bed and breakfast halfway (supposed they drive fast) to the Mediterranean

coast; if necessary and wished, 2 or 3-day stay possible! As long as I can afford it, I won't even charge anything (might be that I ask for one or a half hour of posing for drawings or paintings). Only thing I ask: appointment by phone, soon enough to send them the guiding sketch to my house.

Is this printable in your 'Readers' Letters'?

Sincerely yours,

Halen 48 A Peter Egli
CH-3037 Stuckishaus
(Switzerland 031/23 20 76)
(I hope 100,000 nudists don't
turn up all at once Peter. Ed.)



TOP CLUB

Dear Mr. Wren,

Earlier this year you gave me the address of the BDOC near Ringwood, and asked me to let you know what it was like.

We joined in early summer and have had a great time down there. It's amazing how much time we now spend out in the fresh air, even if it isn't warm enough to swim or sunbathe.

We can't compare the facilities there with other clubs, but visitors from all over the country have said it is the best club they know. We think it is tremendous. There is so much to do. Four mini-ten courts, with another planned. One able to be converted to volleyball. Badminton. Trampoline. And the super, huge pool surrounded by lawns. Even on the hottest summer day there was room for everyone. The sauna with its own little heated pool is so nice, and now that our tans are fading and the weather much cooler, we like using the solarium.

What we hadn't expected, but enjoy so much, are the dances and other social activities, which are enhanced by the excellent catering. I can't imagine another club which has such delicious homemade cakes for afternoon tea.

We're going back to Cape Town soon for the winter, and will miss our legal naturism, but we have already paid our dues for next year, and are also looking forward to visiting some sun clubs in Florida on the way home.

Totton, June Banter
Southampton.
(Another feature on B.D.O.C. coming up later this year. Ed.)

BE PROUD

Hello Murray,

It would appear that we have now become a force to be reckoned with. As regards to enquiries, we have just received a lot of letters from France, America and New Zealand, they all want to know where different clubs are in this country and have asked me to forward some letters on for them. Why can't these naturists have their own names and addresses in the naturists magazines instead of c/o Sheepcote, Orpington, Kent, etc. etc.? I challenge them to come out into the open, stand up and be counted — NOW. Stop sneaking behind the hedgerows and nom de plumes. This country is now on the brink of accepting naturism. We have proved it beyond any shadow of doubt. If we have a good summer, we shudder to think how we shall get all the nude people on the beach.

I have written to the press, I want to know through the media (1) Are the public ready for nudes on the beaches? (2) How many people go abroad for their nudie holidays? (3) Would the public accept naturism more if we had the climate here? (4) Have morals dropped in this country, and how do they connect naturism with sex play etc. etc?

Regards, The Lincolnshire Poachers, Pamela and Bill.
222 Sandringham Road,
Cleethorpes,
Humberside, Lincs.
DN35 9AD.

(So long as naturists appear to be ashamed of their activities so long will the public treat us with suspicion. Ed.)

LETTER FROM CANADA

Dear Sir,

I have purchased several of your great magazines in the last several years. I enjoy the many articles etc. and especially the outstanding nudists. I enjoy nature and did visit a nudist club in Ontario last summer. It was very enjoyable, it was my first chance to enjoy nature and to meet many nice people at the nudist resort outside the city of Hamilton — it was the 4 Seasons Resort. I

stayed the night — the grounds were nice.

I hope one day to become a member. It is unfortunate that the resort is rather too far away from Toronto to travel by bus.

I would like to hear from you or any nudists that might like to hear from a Canadian that is interested in good health and loves nature very much. Please forward this letter to any of the nudist resorts. Would you have a listing of resorts here in and around Ontario? I hope to visit England next year if all goes well.

P.O. Box 1121, Len
Stn. AA. Beckingham
Toronto, Ont.
Canada.
M5W 1G6.

(You should try writing to your national organisation. The address is given on our Club Directory page. Ed.)

LESS GIRLY

Dear Sir,

May we say that we feel that your magazine has improved considerably in recent months with in our view more articles on beaches, clubs, naturist holidays, etc. We believe it will be more attractive to the average family naturist. Also the photographs appear more genuinely naturist photos and not so much 'girly' shots which are posed. Keep up the trend and the good work.

c/o CCBN, Secretary
Orpington, Far West Sun Club
Kent.

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Make Friends all over the world. International Correspondence.—For details please send stamped addressed envelope to: Lisa's Letterbox, 22 Montpelier Road, London W5, UK.

Holiday Cottage. Secluded in beautiful woodland in Wye Valley. Some vacancies May, June, September.—Box No. 1843.

Quiet male naturist (27), own house and car seeks non-smoking naturist lady for genuine friendship romance. Photo appreciated.—Box No. 1838.

Vacancies: Families and Couples. Regular naturist swimming, Sauna and leisure centre activities.—Application by letter only (S.A.E.), Chester Naturist Club, 31 Market St., Hoylake, Wirral, Merseyside.

Enjoy Sunbathing at Yorkshire's finest Naturist Club, Valley Club, near Harrogate. S.A.E. 10p for details to: Valley Club, Box No. 1830 c/o H. & E.

Fast and careful processing service for your naturist and confidential colour print or Ektachrome slide films. Confidentiality guaranteed always. C.D.S. Photoservices, 34 High Street, Welwyn, Hertfordshire. (S.A.E. for lists please).

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Personable English female naturist welcomes commissions where her P.R. talents, culinary arts and fabulous Chelsea penthouse might be of value. Please telephone Laura Palfreyman 352-6999.

Gent (50). Teacher of organ and piano. Keen naturist. Special rates for club members. Can travel reasonable distance Greater Manchester.—Box No. 1841.

Male (31), considerate, genuine and interested in naturism, would like to contact sincere young lady in 20's from London or S.E. for friendship and visits to free beaches.—Box No. 1840.

Models wanted by artist/illustrator. Male/Female/Couple. Age up to 40's. Looks immaterial. Very tall, small, fat or skinny people very welcome. West London/Anywhere. Will travel or cover expenses. Photo appreciated.—Box No. 1839.

Naturist Holidays in Pembrokeshire close to quiet beaches, in better than average accommodation. 2 Bedroom S/C Flat, 2 king-sized caravans all with own flush toilets, mains water and gas, also camping site. Donkey rides for the children and the use of rubber dinghys are gratis—Booking essential. 50p please for Brochure.—'The Old Smithy', Llandeloy, Haverfordwest, Pems., West Wales.

Naturist Youth Group (age 16-27) welcomes newcomers. Naturist weekends, holidays, social meetings, etc. State age, interests. Photo appreciated—returned. Literature 4 x 10p stamps.—Box No. 1798.

Inexpensive, confidential friendship/marriage introductions. All ages/interests. Personal, discreet service.—Details from Gadshill, Waterside Lane, Gillingham, Kent.

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Surrey Downs Sun Club. Couples and Families welcome.—Contact Membership Secretary, 80A Brox Road, Ottershaw, Surrey. Please enclose 4 x 10p stamps.

Models wanted by artist/illustrator. Male/female/couple. Age up to 40's. Looks immaterial. Experience unnecessary.—Box No. 1837.

Young Couple (24), non-smokers, interested naturism, Photography, Friendship, seek similar. Under 30.—Box No. 1847.

a new Science for Men for becoming more efficient lovers without drugs, comprising Therapy, Energy and Self-mastery.—Send s.a.e. to JPR, Dept. HE, 42 Bertie Road, London NW10.

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Guys (16-25) wanted for modelling. Amateur photographer. Fee paid. Beginners welcome. Free overnight, weekend, holiday accommodation. Hospitality. London.—Box No. 1845.

Divorced Male Naturist, mid-forties, would like to contact prospective or practising Lady Naturist with view to joining club or going on naturist holiday.—Box No. 1844.

Will Process and Print your films privately and confidentially. 35mm-120 films, e.g. 5" x 3 1/2", 24 in colour, £5.50; black and white, £4.20. 20 P. & P.—C.W.O. F.A.B., P.O. Box No. 3, Newport, Salop.

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The White House is a naturist club in East Surrey with a 12-bedroomed house, heated pool, tennis, badminton and volley ball courts, sauna. Open all the year round. Vacancies for families and couples. Two 12p stamps for brochure.—Box No. 1850.

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P.I.P.P. (Personal Introductions for Professional People) offers a specialised and selective introduction service for professional and executive people.—For details send S.A.E. to P.I.P.P., P.O. Box 1, West Kirby, Merseyside D48 3LA.

Male (31), keen newcomer to naturism, wishes to correspond with other young newcomers (18-24) living in Lancashire/Greater Manchester/Cheshire/Yorkshire areas, with view to arranging visits to naturist locations.—Box No. 1848.

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Vacancies Families and Couples. Regular naturist swimming, sauna and leisure centre activities.—Application by letter only (S.A.E.), Chester Naturist Club, 31 Market Street, Hoylake, Wirral, Merseyside.

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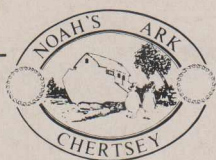


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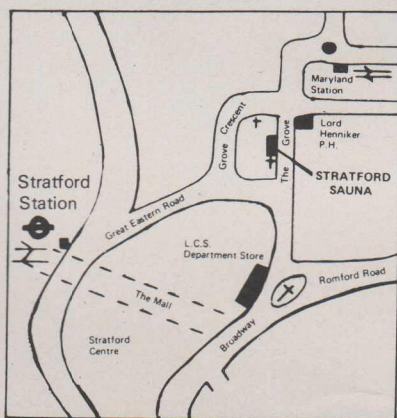
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